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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY CLAUDINE; OR, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE;" &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LOVERS.

Leaving the party in the boat in chase of the brigantine upon the Thames, we will now follow Sir Villiers Courtney, who, after leaving the Salon De Fretti, hastened to St. James'street, to ascertain if the Earl of Conybeare had returned to his house.

After an anxious and rapid walk, during which he saw the glare of the blue-lights, he arrived about three in the morning at the door, to find it open, and the servants gathered in the hall in the utmost confusion.

"What means this? What has happened? Where is Lady Isabel?" he asked, not knowing what terrible news he was to expect, and trembling to hear.

"She's gone, Sir Willyers! My lord is drownded! We are all lost and ruined!" cried William, the porter, wringing his hands.

"Gone? Whither? Bettie, explain! You seem to have your senses!" he cried to the young femme de chambre. "In few words tell me what has occurred, and where your lady is!"

"It was dreadful news, my lord—I mean, Sir Villiers—and she couldn't bear it——"

"What news?"

"The earl's drowning himself."

"Drowned himself?" repeated Captain Courtney, aghast, all his fears at once realized of some evil.

"A little girl came but a little while ago and brought the news. It was writ on this bit of paper."

"Let me read it," and by the light of the hall lamp Sir Villiers read a line or two the earl had penciled after leaving De Fretti's, and given to the child he had met in the streets, with injunctions to take it in the morning to St. James street, but which, little afterwards, Eva concluded she would take that night, especially after having witnessed such a scene at the "Den," which she felt no desire to enter again. So, instead of wandering the streets all night, she thought she would go to the house, hoping she might there find a place to lay her head.

"This is extraordinary!" said Captain Villiers, after perusing the note. "But *did* he drown himself?"

"The child says she followed him," continued Bettie, "and saw him jump off London Bridge into the river and drown."

"Where is the child?"

"Lady Isabel took her with her."

"And where is your mistress gone?"

"To the river. She took the little girl to show her the place. She would go, Sir Villiers. We couldn't keep her back. Don't be angry with us."

"I am not angry with anybody," he answered, with a groan of anguish. "How did Lady Isabel go?"

"On foot!"

"On *foot?*"

"She ran as fast as she could, sir," said William, "and I called after her, and told her I would get the carriage and horses; but she said we had no carriage nor horses—that——"

"Poor Isabel! This will kill her! What a cruel note! What sudden and terrible intelligence written by a father's hand, that he meditates self-destruction, and has beggared his noble daughter!"

These reflections passed momentarily through the mind of Sir Villiers Courtney, while emotions of mingled pity and indignation filled his soul. Ascertaining the direction taken by Lady Isabel, he followed in a cab which the porter obtained for him after a brief delay.

"What will come o' us all, Bettie, lass?" said William, sighing. "The old earl drowned—the estate wasted—nothing at all left! Ye see Lady Isabel would not e'en take the horses, because my lord had lost everything at cards. It's an awfu' state o' things!"

"It is a pity for my poor, dear young mistress," said pretty Bettie Page, wiping a tear out of her eye with the bit of paper on which Lord Conybeare had written to Isabel, and which Captain Villiers had dropped upon the floor. "She'll never more hold her head up!"

"Ah, but the captain will marry her. I overheard all that to-night," said one of the maids. "They are real lovers, and he is rich as Prince Albert, they say."

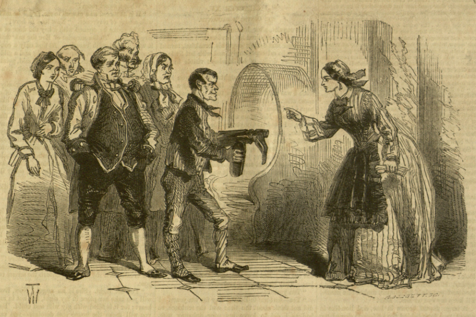
"No—my mistress is too proud to have him now," said Bettie, shaking her head. "She'd not give herself penniless to be any man's wife."

"The more fool she," said William the porter, losing suddenly his respect for rank, now that the money which sustained it was gone.

"Take *that*, idiot!" exclaimed Bettie, slapping him smartly on the cheek. "This is no way to speak of my lady."

"A suicide, a gambler, and poor as a church mouse," muttered the porter angrily, but in a safe sotto voice, so as not to be overheard; "I speak as becomes the case. I'd like to know," he added aloud, "if we'll get our wages. There's owed me now for the last quarter, and a month and three days up to to-night. I'd like to ken who's to pay us?"

"Just like you Scotch money-pennies, always thinking about your gains, when all the world is in trouble and woe, a death in the house, and my lady half distraught! As for me, I care not if I never get mine, and if I do, I'll give every farthing into my lady's hand, for, Heaven have pity on her, she'll mayhap come to feel the need of it all! What are you here for?" she demanded of a short, thick fellow, with a boot in one hand and a blacking-brush in the other, who made his way upward into the hall among the half-dozen servants who were discussing the events which had transpired, and their own chances for securing their own in the general ruin of the noble house in which they were hirelings.



THE REVOLT OF EARL CONYBEARE'S HOUSEHOLD.

"Och, an' by the slippers o' Son Pathrick, an' why may Tim Maloon not be to the 'fore wid the rest o' ye? It's dead I hearn the masther is, an' divil a haporth left to crass a man's chin wid. If it's the wages yees be talkin' about, it's my own I'm afther havin'."

"Go!" cried Bettie. "Go away with you all, you heartless wretches! You stare at Tim, and marvel at his unfeeling words, but yours are as bad, and so are your hearts. I despise every one that cannot shed a tear for the poor earl, and feel for my lady!"

"But who's to pay us?" asked half a dozen voices, deprecatory yet very decided.

"You must wait and see. Perhaps the earl is not drowned, or perhaps if he is, everything isn't lost."

"Oh—well, well," muttered the porter.

"Och, thin it's wait we will, and see!"

"It's best not to be in a hurry, after all," said the chambermaid.

"I don't care whether you are or not, now. If things are better, *you*—not one of *you*—will stay a day longer here than I can help it. Lady Isabel shall get a new set of servants. She and my lord (if he is alive) shall know all your unfeeling conduct—that they shall. Go down to the kitchen, every one of you. I despise such low, mean, hateful people, that have no more hearts than I can hold in my thimble when it is on my finger!"

Partly from policy, partly from shame, the domestics slowly withdrew to their own precincts, leaving Bettie alone in the hall. It was now almost dawn of day. With tears in her eyes she closed the front door, and returned to Lady Isabel's room. Here she looked around upon the objects familiar to her belonging to her young and noble mistress—here a glove, there a bracelet—on the toilet a vase of flowers, upon the stand her watch. She saw that she had left everything—even her purse, going out only with her hat and shawl.

"She will come back again," she said, in that tone of voice that implies a previous doubt of the fact now asserted. "She will certainly come back, if she finds that her father is drowned. But the words she uttered, 'Nothing here is now mine,' as she went out, make me feel she *may not* come again, but leave everything here to the law. But *I* will not. I will gather up everything, and if she does not come back, I will take them to my uncle Will's, at the Conybeare Arms, and keep them for her, if I ever behold her again. I would have gone with her to London Bridge, if she had not got away out of sight so soon. Heaven keep her from danger, and let me lay my eyes upon her safe again!"

Bettie now proceeded to gather the jewelry with the purse, and more elegant articles of the toilet, and the drawer which belonged to Lady Isabel, especially those things which she knew her mistress set most by. These she put up in a firm package, and took them to her own room, and concealed them from all chance observation. In the meanwhile the day dawned. The sun arose, and neither Sir Villiars returned, nor did any tidings come of Lady Isabel.

Sir Villiars Courtney, upon leaving in search of Lady Isabel, had soon reached London Bridge, where he learned, indeed, from one of the toll-keepers, that there had been a leap off the parapet during the night into the river, by some man, but some said he was picked up by a passing boat, while others said he was not. The toll-keeper could not say for certainty, as it was not his watch at that hour, and he only got it from another. But it was the tollman's impression that he was *not* picked up.

"Has any lady—any woman been here to inquire?"

"Yes—half an hour or so ago. She seemed in amazing distress—a daughter, belike, or a wife?"

"Was a child—a little girl—with her?"

"I bethink me there was——"

"Which way did they go?"

"I bethink that belike they went back again; didn't notice 'em particular."

"Stupid," murmured Sir Villiers, as he turned away for further and more intelligent information. It was now nearly day-break, following that eventful night in which the varied scenes of our story have been enacted. It broke upon Captain Courtney upon London Bridge; it broke upon lords Eslington and Beresford prisoners in the boat of the French police on the way down the Thames, in chase of the brigantine commanded by Captain Foy; it broke upon the Earl of Conybeare standing with Lord Neagle in the garden, before the dungeon of the chateau, within which they had just concealed the plundered jewels, and fastened up Hinchcliff, to face death in a horrid form; it broke upon the old Frenchman Simon, brother of the murdered Therese, in a cell at Newgate; it broke upon Robert Murray, the rioter, and suitor of Wild Rose, in the gaol of Conybeare; it broke upon Wild Rose herself, dawning through the snow-white curtains of the inn window, as she was dreaming of the handsome young constable who had so chivalrously taken her part when the rough bailiff's son, Robert, had so coarsely entreated her near the village fountain the evening before. It dawned that day upon all the stirring scenes of London, which the setting sun had interrupted, and which, by the morning light, once more were renewed, again to be suspended by sleep, and again be resumed; and so on with each day's revolution of the earth, till time shall be no longer. Verily are the labors and deeds of men of more value in the eyes of Infinity, than those of the ants in their underground cities! As the sun shone brightly once more on that great ant-hill, London town, Villiers slowly retraced his steps, after two hours' fruitless search for further tidings of Lady Isabel, towards her abode. He entertained a faint hope that she might have returned thither after having verified her father's suicide. He found no one to answer his knock but Bettie.

"Your mistress?" he faltered. "Is she here?"

"No, Sir Villiers! Have you not found her?"

"No—no! She must have——"

"Oh, don't say it—don't say that *she* has drowned herself!"

"I know not what to say!"

At this moment a female figure veiled, and tottering, came near the steps. Bettie, after a moment's scrutiny at the soiled apparel, exclaimed, with a shriek of joy, running to meet her—

"It is Lady Isabel—it is poor, dear mistress!"

Sir Villiers upon seeing her also recognized, but with difficulty, in the distressed and soiled appearance of the female, the graceful form of Isabel. He was at her side in a moment, and only in time to support her; for no sooner did she perceive them near her than her limbs gave way, and she sunk down as if given up to utter physical exhaustion and hopeless despair. Bettie spoke kindly and softly, and Villiers breathed gentle words and hopeful into her ears. Together they bore her up the marble steps and into the hall, closing the door to bar out all intrusion and idle curiosity. They conveyed her to her own room, and laid her upon a sofa. Villiers's heart was full, and tears came in his eyes as her removed veil showed her countenance as pale as alabaster, and lined with the traces of the deep suffering she had gone through.

"Go—or rather send for the physician," he said to Bettie.

"I will go, Sir Villiers. There is not a servant left in the place. They every one got at the plate and helped themselves to what they pleased for their wages and escaped, threatening to kill me if I gave the alarm."

"This is human nature manifesting the devil in it, indeed! Apply restoratives! I will go for the medical man. I know not what to do myself. She *seems insensible from excitement and fatigue.* She has suffered more than she can bear."

"No—no. I am better!" she murmured softly. "Stay with me, Sir Villiers! You are very good! I shall soon be well! I am strong now. The worst is over."

The event verified her words. In a few moments she sat up. She looked at Bettie, and leaning upon her faithful bosom she wept for a few seconds in silence. Villiers knelt by her side and held her hand.

"Dearest Isabel, do not take this blow so heavily!"

"I can not but mourn! and *such* a death!"

"He may yet have been rescued!"

"No, oh, no! I can not hope. Upon getting to the bridge—how I knew not—I heard the young girl's story verified! I saw whence he had taken the fatal leap! I looked down—down the far descent into the roaring and wild waters, as they rushed through the arch. It was impossible he should have been rescued!"

"Yet, dear Isabel, it is possible!"

"Would he not then have come to me! It is many hours since he took that fatal leap, and if he were alive he would be here—for he loved me, Sir Villiers!"

These last words were spoken with the profoundest feeling.

"Pray, dearest Isabel, where have you been so long? I have sought you everywhere, and have suffered greatly by your long absence. And then to behold your return in such a state! What has happened?"

"Nothing, but that in every dock along the shore for a great ways I sought for my father's corpse. Men mocked—men laughed! I was called crazed—and I fear I was! But I am now calm! But our poor hearts are not made to bear up unbroken under such a heavy affliction! How at length I have reached home I hardly am conscious! Home? home! Alas, I have no home more!"

She covered her face with her hands and then hot tears trickled down from between her fingers across the back of her hands. Villiers tenderly removed them.

"You have still a home! All I have is yours! My mother shall be your mother, noble and dear Isabel! It will be the happiest day of life to see you presiding as mistress of my own mansion!"

"Sir Villiers," she said, raising her face and looking him steadily in his eyes, and speaking calmly but firmly; "it may never be. This happiness is not for me! What am I this moment? The child of a suicide—of a gamester driven to self-murder—and nothing left me but my health and hands to labor for my support!"

"Isabel, this is bitter language to my devoted love, though you mean it not. This is the opportunity for my love to show its truth and strength. Let not pride——"

"It is not pride—oh, no! but duty! There is a stain upon my name! Let me not communicate it to yours—hitherto bright and pure! I will try to bear my own griefs and shame, but I love and honor you too much, Sir Villiers, to consent to have you share them with me! Would not your noble mother despise me! Would not the world censure you for marrying the daughter of—of—of Earl Conybeare! for that name will soon be infamous enough on the tongue of scandal without other epithets!"

"Lady Isabel!" he said passionately, "I cannot leave you without the authority to protect you! I know you have resolution, courage and pride, and may bear up under this blow for awhile; but by-and-by you will sink under it. Give me the authority of a husband to shield you from the cruel world—from poverty—from despair!"

"Captain Villiers, my heart is full to overflowing with gratitude to you. You have proved yourself all I believed you were! But this may not be. I should despise myself if I consented to it, for fear of penury and scorn—I should degrade you, when my love should only exalt and ennoble you, were it possible. I am well now! Pray leave me with my maid! She is faithful and I can trust to her!"

"What do you propose to do?"

"To give up everything to my father's creditors!"

"And whither will you go?"

"Pardon me! I cannot tell you! Nor is it necessary you should know? It is better, since we are to meet no more, you should forget me altogether!"

This was said in broken words, with a fearfully apparent effort at calmness. The noble girl's heart was ready to break with the sacrifice she felt it was her duty to make. Captain Villiers perceived her emotion and respected it. He respectfully pressed her hand to his lips, then emboldened by the solemnity of such a parting, pressed his lips to her forehead. She fainted in his arms, and he laid her upon the bosom of Bettie, and as she revived he whispered to the faithful young woman:

"You will know where she will go! Never desert her! Take this gold for her use. When she has found a retreat communicate it secretly to me. For the present she must follow her own wishes. Be faithful to her, and to me in informing me where you go, and you shall be rewarded with the largest wedding portion ever a Conybeare-Ford lass brought to her husband."

The maiden's eyes sparkled, and a bright smile played about her mouth as she made Captain Villiers the promise.

He stood gazing upon the pale, beautiful woman he loved for a few moments, and as she was about to speak with returning consciousness, he once more kissed her, this time upon the lips, and departed from the room. As he reached the street, he recollected that he had forgotten to ask Lady Isabel what became of the young girl who had been her guide to London Bridge.

He had not proceeded many steps before the messenger from Lord Conybeare bearing the note which he had written in the library of his chateau, galloped past him. But as he did not know the man, he took no notice of him, and went on towards his own residence. The messenger the next minute drew rein at the mansion, and knocking loudly at the door presented the sealed note which he bore to Bettie, and without a word remounted his horse, and at the speed he came (with his reward in his eye) returned in the direction of Coneybeare-Ford, to report the accomplishment of his errand to the earl in person.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCOTCHMAN AND PAUL.

The morning that dawned upon the eventful night which embraces the scenes recorded in the foregoing chapters, lighted up the little tap-room of the "Sack Inn;" and the first rays of the sun shining level along the river, fell upon the rough face of a man within, fast asleep, stretched on one of the wooden settles. The door was not yet open to the street, though Botany Bay Paul, mine host, had the moment before, with a lazy and half-sleepy air, like one who had been up late and had not got his full amount of sleep, just unbolted and opened the shutter on the water-side, through which came the first morning beams.

"A clear morning this, after such a foggy night," he muttered. "Turn out here, Steenie! I must open to my customers! Because you lost your chance last night with the barge, coming here to rouse up honest folk after two o' the clock i' the morning, it's no reason ye should sleep all day. Up, man!"

Here Paul shook him roughly by the shoulder, for men in his class are not famed for delicacy or much consideration towards their fellows. Steenie, for he it was, Hinchcliff's co-partner in the plan for robbing the Tower, upon this roused himself heavily; but his eyes were dull, and his whole frame as it were torpid.

"Up, man! I'm going to open the street door! All Lon'non is up and awake long ago! See the bright sun—just such as we used to have in Australia, hot and yellow like melted gold! What makes ye so heavy? Ye came here drunk, and you seem to be half-and-half now. Why, cannie, five hours' sleep ought to make a king sober, much more a rogue like thee!"

Steenie, a stout, pock-marked, strong man, with red hair and bushy whiskers, rose to his feet heavily. He looked about him, and after a moment seemed fully to recollect himself.

"So—it's day! They went without me!"

"Yes. Didn't speak of you!"

"I was one too many!" he muttered, within his shut teeth. "I will be one too many for Hinchcliff. But let it pass now!"

"Take a dram, Steenie; a hair of the dog will cure you of your blues!"

"Yes, a dog ha' bit me, Paul; but a dog wi' twa legs. The villain put laudanum into a cup of sack we had together before twalve o' the clock. I fell asleep, and he left me to come hither. He was afraid to trust me, perhaps. I don't think he meant to kill me! But a red glare waked me up. I found all still, and seeing it was long past midnight, I came hither."

"Yes—as drunk as a lord—and hammered away till I either had to let you in or shoot you."

"Not drunk—the mon's laudanum! for I looked at the bottom of the sack, and saw more left there. I had wits enough left to get here, and I believe I have been asleep ever since."

"Yes—you hardly had been let in before you were as dead as a post."

"And the party went?"

"Yes."

"Lord Neagle and all?"

"To a man. You only were left."

"And he left me, fearing to trust me, because we had a few sharp words about dividing the booty. But he shall suffer for it!"

"What, man, you wouldn't betray them, if they succeed?"

"As soon as I would eat. I would get as great a reward for that as would make up my loss, mon."

An expression passed over the face of Paul at hearing these words which the Scotchman did not see, but which boded him no good.

"You'll stay and take a pot of ale, man, while I open."

He placed the foaming mug before him, but setting it aside, he said—

"Whiskey, mon! I ha' never a stomach for yer Ainglish ail. This is better. This is a sonsible beverage," he added, as Paul gratified him.

The door was now unbarred and unchained, and thrown open. As Paul pushed back the leaves, a young girl who was fast asleep against them, seated upon the street step, nearly fell inward, but that he caught her head against his stout knee.

"What have we? Wake up, child. By the mass, as the priests say, she has a handsome face, but pale. Poor thing! It has a mother, I dare say!" He shook her gently.

Little Eva, for it was she, opened her large, beautiful eyes, and raised them to his face with a look of such innocence and helplessness, that the old convict's heart at once opened and warmed towards her; for in his earlier years he had been a father, and lost a loved and idolized child of her age. Humanity, and that aspect of humanity which grows out of paternal love, never dies wholly in the heart, even of the most depraved. Even the tiger is tender to its young whelps; and even human tigers are softened by the innocent beauty of children.

But the beauty of Eva was, as we have already said, wonderful. One might have imagined her, with her disheveled tresses, her soiled gown, her bare feet, her lovely face, in which sorrow and undefined terror were equally blended, a wandering angel strayed from the skies, and that had lost its way in the wilderness of London in seeking to return.

"Come in, little maid. You must be cold, and wet, and hungry. We have enough to eat here, thank God; come in!"

Eva had risen to her feet, and looked startled, and seemed to be uncertain whether to fly from the strange, rough-looking man, or comply. But his voice had a kindly tone in it. She fixed her eyes inquiringly upon his, and then, smiling sweetly, yet ever sadly like one to whom sorrow was a sister and misery a mother, she entered and sat upon the bench near the door, drawing up modestly her naked feet, to hide them beneath her scanty calico gown, which was the only garment she had. After leaving the bridge with Lady Isabel, she lost sight of her; and after wandering along the river side, she finally reached the sheltering stoop, where she soon fell asleep. Poor Eva! sweet wanderer of that wilderness of sin—London! what sad history is thine? Where is thy mother? Lives thy father? Art thou the offspring of guilt, and deserted by thy cruel parents? Or has the death of thy mother and father made thee an outcast from thy natal roof? Thou art all too young and innocent-looking for guilt, thine own, to have had aught to do with thy present woes! Yet we believe that He who had, when on earth, not where to lay His sacred head, watches over thee; and will, by-and-by, lift thy head from the dust, and heal thy wounded and sore heart.

For a few moments Paul stood surveying her and observing, with the eyes of a man of some experience, her points of birth and lines of beauty, for the coarsest mind could not be wholly insensible to them. He saw her color under his gaze, and then removed it from her, saying to himself, with a shake of his head—

"She's an offshoot from one of these wild my-lords or virtuous my-ladies. Her father nor mother never soiled their hands with work. I am a judge of blood in a horse, and know a thorough-bred when I lay eyes on it; and I can tell a hound's pedigree by his eye and his limbs, without asking to see it in print! I was not, when young, an assistant in the stables of my Lord Conybeare for nothing. This here girl is clearly thorough-bred, for blood tells in humans as well as in brute beasts!"

All this while Eva sat with her feet drawn up, blushing uneasily under his eyes; and the color relieving the paleness of her cheek, heightened her beauty; though over her forehead hung her tangled hair in rich masses, not unmixed with straw and shreds; for doubtless neither comb nor mirror had she access to. Though Paul, through all her rags and soiled complexion, saw in her all these signs of superior condition, to Steenie's eye, as he glanced towards her, she was but a common, barefooted, beggar girl, such as he met by hundreds in the dark purlieus of the city, and in former years had seen wandering along the glens of Scotland.

"Mind yer siller, mon, wi' sich a chiel to the biggen," he said, shrewdly.

"She shall have a good breakfast. What is your name, my child?"

"Eva, sir."

"Mind yer fruit, also, mon Paul," said the coarse Scotchman, as he emptied his glass, and winking at mine host.

"Look ye, Steenie: I will not have you say a word more about her. She's seen better days, and I dare say needs pity."

"Well, ye can ha' an orphan asylum here i' the 'Sack' an please ye; it's nae business o' mine! Good morning!"

"I would advise you to keep silent about the robbery, if it has taken place. It may be for your interest. I can make Hinchcliff do you justice. If you peach, your life won't be worth a Scotch baubee!"

"Who'll tak' it?"

"*I!*"

This was said so steadily and firmly, that the Scotchman became a little pale, and his eye fell.

"Well, I'll wait and see what Hinchcliff intends to do. If the mon'll do the right I'll ne'er say a word. But I think they ne'er touched a baubee o' what is the Queen's in the Tower. It waur too heavy a job."

"Not for a man who had been years a turnkey, like Hinchcliff, and had duplicate keys to all the doors, and knew the place as he did. Ah, good morn, Sampsons!" This was addressed to a burly-looking countryman, in a smock-frock, and who carried a whip in his hand, who came in. "How goes the market-day?"

"Fair. But folk don't buy for talking aboot the big robbery."

"What robbery?"

"Not hearn it, Maister Paul?"

"No;" and here the Scotchman, who was going out, paused to listen, and interchanged a look with the inn-keeper.

"Why, all Lunnon is up aboot un! The Tower's robbed on all the old King's jewels, an' the Queen's crown, an' there's no tellin' what isn't stole! There's lads all o'er the market sellin' the news. Here's one now."

As he spoke a news-carrier appeared at the door with an "extra," which Paul eagerly purchased for sixpence, and away went the man shouting the news—"A great Tower robbery! Queen's jewels stole! Only sixpence!"

"This looks like it, Steenie, man," said Paul in an under-tone, as he unfolded the paper, which was a mere slip, printed especially for that news. He read as follows, while Sampsons took a seat by one of the tables, with a mug of ale:

"*A Bold and Unparalleled Robbery!*

"THE CROWN JEWELS STOLEN!

"Intelligence was an hour since lodged with the police that an entry was made into the Tower sometime last night, after midnight, and that most of the valuable jewels were taken from the cases, and carried away. The guard on duty, who was seized by the robbers, gagged and bound, and found in this position at day-break this morning, by the officer in his round, says there were but two men; that they were masked, and completely armed, and opened the doors with false keys. Traces of their having entered by the water-gate are clear; and now that the robbery is known, persons on vessels in the vicinity recollect seeing a boat go and come from thence, about three o'clock this morning, and pull down the river. The police are all in the highest state of excitement. Swift barges are already dispatched down the river, and messages by land sent to order the frigate 'Nemesis'—now below, near the Isle of Dogs—to stop all vessels and boats, and search them,—while it is barely possible the robbers with their booty may be at this moment secreted in London. A reward of twenty thousand pounds is offered by the Chief of Police, which will probably be increased as soon as the Government are informed of this most daring and remarkable robbery of modern times.

"We have just heard a rumor that Lord Inglis, Earl of Conybeare, committed suicide about midnight last night, by leaping into the river from the parapet of London Bridge. His lordship had met with enormous losses at play, at De Fretti's—in fact, gambled away, at one stake, the remnant of a fortune once princely, but greatly impaired by his passion for play. The title terminates with his death—no male heir surviving."

"News enough for one night's work," said Paul. "So they succeeded," said he to Steenie in a whisper. "Now be discret, and you shall have your share, though you took no part in it. You are better off than Hinchcliff, for you run no risks. I hope they have well got off."

"Never to be heard of again—and we shall be laughed at!"

"No—no! They are in our power! They will not make an enemy of me! They know I would not let them rest in any land beneath the sun but what the arms of English law should take them by the throat! No—we are secure in getting our part, if we are mum, and don't be too impatient. Your Scotch common-sense should teach you this."

Steenie nodded, and left the inn. Paul's eyes followed him, and with an investigating, suspicious look: "I don't trust that fellow yet. His revenge against Hinchcliff, and the certainty of twenty thousand pounds if he informs, makes him unsafe. I'll keep my eye on him. Bolt!"

A large mastiff, brown in hue, and lion-like in aspect, rose from behind the half-moon shaped tap where he had been lying; and, stretching his huge limbs, he looked up into Paul's face with intelligent inquiry, as much as to say, "What do you wish?"

Paul led him to the place on the bench where Steenie had sat, and said:

"Take good nose of him, Bolt! Now *here!*" and he pointed to where, a moment before, the Scotchman had stood in the door. The dog snuffed at the spot, and then sought his master's eyes.

"*Follow him! Come back again and tell me where he goes!*"

From the looks of the animal one could easily have believed he understood every word spoken, and undoubtedly he did. After a moment's delay, as if to make sure of his man, the dog left the inn, and trotted off in the direction taken by the untrustworthy Scotchman. Paul watched him until he saw him come close to Steenie, snuff at his heels, and then drop back a couple of yards, and keep just at this distance until both were out of sight.

This little by-play had been unnoticed by the farmer, who was looking out at the window upon the busy scenes on the river, as he ate his bread and ale; but little Eva had noticed everything that had passed. She still remained seated upon the bench, but closely studying the face of Paul, as if trying to believe he was as good, in spite of his hard looks, as his voice sounded to her. She had heard the account read by him of the supposed suicide of the earl, and came near speaking out, with childish thoughtlessness, "I saw him;" but fear of she knew not what restrained her. Poor Eva! she was very hungry and thirsty; and her nerves still vibrated not only with the shock of seeing Lord Inglis's act, but with that caused by the murder of Therese.

Paul's attention was now again called to her. He looked kindly at her, and smiled:

"You must be having something to eat. Come with me. I had a house-keeper, but she has left me; and you must put up with ale and bread; and a bit of bacon would not do you any harm."

She rose, and followed him, timidly, into a little side-room, the door of which was open. Here were half a dozen small tables on which were visible the circular marks of beer cans. Here he made her sit down to one of the tables, placed a silver ale can of beer before her, and bade her drink it. To this he added a half a loaf and a cold bit from a rasher of bacon. She ate with the wild joy of hunger. As he watched her he thought of a famished young leopardess before which food was suddenly placed. While she ate she kept her eyes fixed on him half in doubt half in confidence. Such kindness—such good treatment was new to her! She seemed to be unable to realize it. She devoured what was before her as if she expected to see it snatched away from her sight before she could consume it.

"Take your time, Eva. You need not swallow such lumps! You shall have a dinner and a supper too! I once, a great many years ago, had a little girl like you. Not that she was so beautiful—that is in blood, and not for the children of men of my class. She looked though as you do out of your eyes! and had such hair! For her sake I am kind to you! When I first saw you, you made me think of her!"

His voice touched the chord needful for confidence. She looked at him, stopped eating, and looked full in his face. He saw that there was not so much fear in her eyes as at first. Besides, her food had subdued the fierceness of her hunger, for that was all she had eaten for three days, save a few bones once cast at her by Simon and Therese, after they had gnawed off most of the meet with their snaggled teeth.

"What was her name?"

"Bless me! what a sweet voice! Her name was Mary."

"That is my name!"

"You said it was Eva."

"Eva Marie, sir."

"That is pretty. But it sounds foreign, Roman Catholic like."

"Where is your daughter?" asked Eva, glad to be noticed and so kindly spoken to.

"Dead! many years ago. I will tell you about her, for I loved her. If I never loved God nor man, I loved my child!"

Here the old convict's voice was tremulous, and deep emotion caused his hairy chest to heave with massive waves.

"I will tell you all about her; for it will do me good to talk about her; and, perhaps, when you hear about her you will be willing to be my little daughter."

"Yours?"

"Yes."

"And have a home?"

"Yes."

"And a place to sleep in-doors every night, sir?"

"Why, yes, poor thing!"

"And plenty bread and meat to eat like this?"

"Better food than this, child. Poor thing! She thinks she is coming straight into Heaven!"

"You are so good! I shall love you! And that dreadful Simon wont find me here! But I am too ragged to be your daughter," she added, with an artlessness and grace that brought tears into eyes that for years had been as dry as adamant.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONVICT'S DAUGHTER.

The convict, after looking out at the door to see if any one required his services, and seeing that the farmer was dozing over his breakfast, turned to Eva, who sat expectingly, and with but little of her former doubt of his kindness visible in her large eyes, and said—

"You ask about my daughter, whom you have made me think of to-day. It was many a year since I was married. I was then not what I became after. I had a wife who loved me; but perhaps I had then everything in me to love. But that is past. Her name was Mary. We were very happy. I lived at Conybeare-Ford, six miles from London, then. There is a time, child, with the worst of men, when they had never committed a crime. All began square and even; once I might have held my own; but I got into evil company, and was led to rob, and it was not my fault that I did not commit a murder. It was all the same, for I shot at a constable, and wounded him. Well, I was taken—my wife was broken-hearted. She came, and brought my little girl with her to prison to see me. It was a hard thing for me to look on the face of the woman I had wronged, and upon the innocent child whose father was now a criminal. There must have been something good in me, to win and keep Mary's love!"

"You must be good, to give me so good a breakfast, and be so kind," said Eva.

"Not worth naming to me. Well, I was transported for burglary and murder, though the man did not die. But it was all the same, it seems, in law. They gave me ten years!"

"Ten years!"

"Yes—sent me to Botany Bay for ten years. I did not think about the time and the sentence, so bad as I did to leave my poor, unhappy wife. Now let me tell you how she loved me—more than her God—for she took on so after I'd gone from England, that she could not do without me, and she was tempted to steal a lady's ring, that she might be transported and join me!"

"Did she steal it?"

"Yes. It was Lady Margaret Conybeare's, the wife, now dead, of the nobleman who drowned himself last night." Eva opened wider her eyes, but she did not speak. "His lordship had once been my master. Poor gentleman, he has come to a sad end. But I've been expecting it. His father, the old earl, shot himself from gloom, and 'tis said his father fell on his own sword in the Netherlands, after losing a battle. It was in the family, miss. But as I was saying, my poor wife stole the ring and confessed, and was transported."

"And did you see her there?"

The convict swallowed a great gulp of air that seemed choking him, and said, in a vailed voice—

"Never! She died on the way, and was buried in the deep sea. But Heaven above will never judge her for what she did. She's now an angel, if there be such beings. It was not guilt, but love, that made her do it. She sent this word to me."

"And did you see the baby?" asked Eva, with pity for him, for her, and interest in the infant's fate.

"Yes. It reached me safe. But the sight of it nearly broke my heart. It was but two years old, and as beautiful as anything that was ever made. Stars nor flowers were not half as pretty as that child. It had the true image of her mother. How I doted upon it! How I watched over it! It was, for nine years, never separated from my side. It was all I loved—all that made me still human. I was a herdsman among the mountains, and she assisted me in taking care of the flocks, and her presence was a constant joy to my soul. I tried, by my devotion and love to her, to atone for the evil I had brought upon her mother."

"Did she love you?"

"Yes. She did not know her father was a convict. She grew up in ignorance of my crime. I educated her. I got books from the proprietor or head man, and in teaching her I taught myself. At nine she was lovely, intelligent and affectionate. At length——"

"You love to talk about your little daughter!"

"Yes. Now that the sight of you has opened my heart, I feel as if I could talk to you about her for hours. At length my ten years expired, and two years ago I came back to London."

"Did you bring her?" asked Eva, who seemed to forget in her interest in his story that she was a beggar-girl, and that she had never seen the narrator until this morning.

"Yes. I opened this inn and tried to become an honest man; but a returned convict is supposed still to be a rogue; and no one gave me credit for reform. But I was true to myself until my child took sick and died?"

"Died?"

"Yes," answered Paul, "died!" and he repeated the dreadful word with gloomy and almost angry emphasis. "She was sick three weeks! When I found she would not live, then I prayed!"

"Prayed to God?"

"Yes. If God there be. I bent my iron-bound knees and begged Him to spare my child, my only child to me! I vowed to serve Him and be a true and good man if He would only spare her life! But, child, the heavens were brass over my head and my heart was stone! My prayer was as striking fire between brass and stone! It went not above the ceiling of this room! So she died! and so I cursed God and have been a devil till your face met my eyes at my door! You brought her to my mind, for there is in your eyes the look of her own; and if she had lived she would have been about your age—about thirteen."

"Then I am glad I come to sit down on the step. I hope you don't feel so wicked now against God!"

"No, my child."

"May I be your little daughter? I will try and love you, and make you happy, and you'll be good again." And Eva, who sat opposite to him with her arms upon the table, laid her little hand upon his heavy, dark one, caressingly, her face showing no more lack of confidence—so powerful is sympathy and communion. He took her hand in his, and said with emotion:

"Yes. You shall be my child! But first let me show all that remains of my lost one!"

"Is she here?" asked Eva with alarm, noticing the change in his voice as he rose up to lead her from the room.

"Come and see! Nay, do not fear. Come and let me show you how I loved her."

Eve followed him into a little back parlor, neatly arranged, with white curtains, vases on the mantel, a little shelf of books, many of them children's, and with numerous other evidences that it had been his child's apartment.

"Everything is here just as she arranged it. She was my little housekeeper. There are her books. That canary-bird in the cage was hers. I let no one feed it but my own hand! There is her bonnet and shawl, where she hung them up. I have faded flowers now dried up; she placed them herself upon the table more than a year ago. That is her bed. Those little flowers upon this cushion she worked!"

"What a sweet room!"

"It is as sacred as a church to me, Eva," he said with a tone of reverence. "Now look in here?"

As he spoke he opened with a key the door of a large closet. To the surprise of Eve she saw that it was lighted with candles. At first only a confused scene of flowers, drapery, wreaths and a gilded canopy met her gaze. He stood and said, pointing beneath the beautiful canopy—"Look, Eva! There is my child!"

With mingled emotions of awe and curiosity, she bent forward, and beheld the dead body of a child about ten years old. Its face looked like molded wax, and was singularly lovely in death. The wax-like hands were folded together, the fingers unclasped upon her breast, a wreath of flowers, not yet withered, but as fresh as if yesterday, encircled her head. Her fingers held a little gold cross. The body was robed in white satin, adorned with blue and pink bows. The whole spectacle was singularly beautiful and touching. Two wax candles at the head, and two at the feet, softly illumined the scene.

Eva gazed with wonder, and speechless. It did not look real to her.

"Is she dead?"

"Yes. I embalmed her. I learned the art in Australia of a chief. I could not part from my child, to have it rot in the putrid and effervescing soil of a London grave-yard. I embalmed it. It has become like a figure of wax, as you behold. It is still like her—still lovely, only the mouth is silent forever, and the eyes regard me no more!"

"It is like an angel," whispered Eva, holding her breath, as if she feared to disturb the serene repose.

"You are right. She is an angel. Now, Eva, will you take her place in my sight, but not in my heart; for it is filled with my wife and child. But you will make the house less desolate—you can read to me from her books. I will be a father to you—I will be a father to you. But I have not asked you if you have a home or parents?"

And he looked anxiously for her reply, having till this moment taken it for granted she was a homeless orphan. As she shook her head his face brightened. He took her hand kindly in his, and said—

"*She* must have sent you to me!"

"Do you keep these candles burning?"

"Ever since she died! I renew them every three days."

"And the flowers?"

"Are brought to me every morning fresh by a flower merchant; and I every morning remove these and put others here."

"How you must love her!"

He made no reply. She saw tears were in his eyes. He bent down and kissed the beautiful dead face, to which Eva's indeed bore a striking resemblance, explaining fully his extraordinary and sudden interest in her. He led her forth, and slowly and reverently closed the door of his domestic sepulchre, as if a sanctuary were within.

When Paul re-entered the tap-room, leaving Eva to look at the pictures in the little back parlor, full of confidence and happiness at so sudden and wonderful a change in her condition, he found half a dozen of his customers awaiting him. When he appeared they roughly reproved him for leaving the tap to look after itself. Assuming at once a bluff air and fixed look, to ward off from all eyes the least suspicion of the deep emotions which lay still warm beneath, he cheerily replied to them, and soon had each man served, and seated about the tap drinking his "cream of the valley," as his rich, foaming beverage was termed by his friends. Who, beneath that cold, dark face of the convict, Botany Bay Paul, would have imagined lay hidden such a depth of love, of feeling, of affection the most tender and delicate? Who of his associates suspected he had any feelings except such as were gross, "sensual, worldly, devilish," akin with their own?

After he had paid attention to their wants, he asked one of the number, who appeared to be his more intimate comrade, to look after the tap; and leaving them discussing the robbery in the Tower, and the suicide of Lord Inglis, he returned to the inner room where he had left Eva. She was intently surveying a picture which hung in the room. It was an engraving of some English "seat" with its park. Its walls were castellated, a stone drawbridge crossed its moat; deer were in its glades; a lake with a boat upon it was in the foreground, and in the distance was a church tower with four turrets; and farther off on the horizon was a range of mountainous hills, one of the peaks of which seemed to hang over itself with singular wildness and sublimity. She was gazing upon it with lips parted, and with looks of deep interest.

"I have prettier pictures than that, Eva. Let me tell you what I have done. After I went out I sent a lad for a dressmaker and milliner. She will soon be here. I intend to have you dressed as you ought to be. You will look like a very different child when you put on other clothes—look more still like my little Mary. Now I wish you to tell me your story. Sit by me, and let me hear it."

"Story?"

"Yes—your life. How came you to be a houseless, wandering child here in London?"

"Oh, sir, I know now. I've not always been so poor and miserable, sir."

"That I believe. Where did you take your last meal?" he asked, trying step by step to get at her history.

"It was three days ago—at Simon's."

"Who is Simon?"

"Therese's brother."

"And who is Therese?"

"She was a wicked, cruel Frenchwoman. But she's dead now!" and she shuddered at recalling the scene at the den.

"Did you live with these people?"

"Yes. Simon killed her last night with a broken mug. He's taken away to prison, and she is dead, and so I've no home but *this* one!" Here she looked gratefully into his face.

"Did they treat you badly?"

"They made me suffer every day."

"What did you do for them?"

"Begged money—and cooked and went chores, and waited on them."

"Where did they live?"

"At the Den, sir."

"Where is that?"

"In Shakespeare Alley."

"Of all places in London the most vile. Coming from such a place you are like a pearl snatched from under the feet of swine. How came you with these people, one of whom you say is now dead, and the other in prison for killing her?"

"They found me in their house. My father died there and left me seule—I mean alone. So they took me and made me beg for them. If I brought them no money they beat me."

"They both deserve their fate. But I see now what makes your voice so peculiar. You have a slight foreign accent. Who was your father?"

"A French emigre."

"A what?"

"An exile, sir. He was very, very poor, and so sick! By-and-by he died at the Den."

"Then you are French?"

"I do not know, sir. I remember my father brought me over from Paris. I can just remember Paris. I spoke English there, but I spoke French, too. But these people taught me bad-mixed French."

"How old were you when you came over with your father?"

"It is four years, I think; perhaps more. I forget. It seems to me a great, very great while ago."

"What do you remember before your father died?"

"I remember my home. It was *so* beautiful! And my mother—ma belle *mere*—she, too, was so sweet and good! And my father; but he was not so handsome, nor so kind. He was dark, and very severe. But I remember another home—a great while before that; and it seems to me I have had two mothers. But it is all mixed like a dream! Only this I know—I was once very happy, and saw green fields, and heard birds singing in the air, and was not a beggar-girl as I am now. This is all I know."

"What is the name of the man—Simon?"

"Yes, sir."

"He is no doubt in Newgate. I must see the man. Now, as this is all you can tell me, Eva, are you willing to be to me in the place of my departed child?"

"You alone are kind to me. I have no one else to go to. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live!"

"From the first I have been satisfied, from the language you use, that you are of a good family, who have early taught you to speak well. But here comes the woman I sent for."

It took but a few words for Paul to inform the lady of dresses that he wished her to provide forthwith a suitable wardrobe for the orphan he had adopted. Money is power! The woman curtesied obedience to his wishes. Paul now left his *protege* with the dressmaker, and with a heart lighter than it had been since his child's death, he once more sought the society of his guests. He found them in the full tide of discussion of the robbery of the crown jewels, and the adroitness and success of the robbers was spoken of by the company with anything but sympathy for the crown. They regarded, on the contrary, the unknown perpetrators of the bold robbery in the light of heroes—Napoleons in their line.

The suicide of the Earl of Conybeare next came up, and was disposed of, the last man remarking that there would not be enough left to pay his debts, and that Lady Isabel would be cast out of doors, without a roof over her head.

"Not while *I* have one over mine," answered Paul, stoutly. "Her father was my father's landlord, and in my youth I was at service with my lord, and I will be a friend to my lady to the last!"

"I like to see a man remember his friends, but I wouldn't care if all the nobility in the land jumped off London Bridge and beggared their brats!"

This rude speech was uttered by a bull-necked butcher, who was guzzling down his fifth mug of beer. Paul frowned, and said:

"You are a fool, Hobson! and your tongue will cut your throat if you don't have a care! You must have been among those corn-rioters yesterday, from your speech. Their cry as they passed here with their bedaubed banners was, 'Down with the nobles and up with the nobodies!' and a score of them got their collars in the grasp of the police for their nonsense. Now, I don't want any constables in here, and so if you sit in my tap hold your peace."

"I hear Bob Murray, o' Conybeare-Ford, the bailiff's son, did great fighting yesterday, and killed three soldiers dead," said a young farmer, with evident admiration of the heroic subject of his remarks.

"Yes, and is now lodged in the jail there I hear," said a third. "It'll go hard with him."

"Ten years, or for life?" suggested the other.

"No, but——" and here the hand of the speaker gave a significant twist of his neckcloth.

"Well, the riots are pretty well put down," said a fourth. "It's no use crossing quarter-staffs with the Queen's bayonets. Corn or no corn—the lords will always have it their own way. There is nothing for us but to go to America, where a man's a man."

This sentiment met with general approval, and one by one the men retired, leaving the tap-room in solitude.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE ART OF BEING AGREEABLE.

The true art of being agreeable is to appear well pleased with all the company, and rather to seem well entertained with them than to give entertainment to them. A man thus disposed perhaps may not have much learning, nor any wit; but if he have common sense, and something friendly in his behavior, it conciliates men's minds more than the brightest talents without this disposition; and when a man of such a turn comes to old age, he is almost sure to be treated with respect. It is true, indeed, that we should not dissemble and flatter in company; but a man may be very agreeable, strictly consistent with truth and sincerity, by a prudent silence where he cannot concur, and a pleasing assent where he can. Now and then you meet with a person so exactly formed to please, that he will gain upon every one that hears or beholds him: this disposition is not merely the gift of Nature, but frequently the effect of much knowledge of the world, and a command over the passions.

* * *

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him, can have no hope from them afterwards; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indolence.

THE MOTHER AND HER SON.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

She was dying, slowly dying,
She had won Life's fevered race,
And a gentle, peaceful, holy calm
Stole softly o'er her face.
No children stood around her couch,
To soothe her parting sigh;
Why was her only son not there?
How sad 'twas thus to die.

Could *he* forget how her pure love
Had shielded him for years—
Making his path all sunshine—
Banishing all his fears?
Could *he* forget his childhood,
When cradled on her breast,
Her soft white arms around him,
He had sweetly sunk to rest?

Her watchful, patient tenderness,
Had it been all in vain?
Did the truant ne'er with gratitude
Seek his early home again?
Yes, he came—an awful silence
Reigned within the cottage door;
He paused to think how years had passed
Since *he* stood there before.

No word of welcome greeted him
From the still form on the bed:
He gently raised the coverlet,
And gazed upon the dead.
The placid face—the folded hands—
What reproach could be so great?
He came to ask forgiveness,
Alas! too late—too late.

BEAU IDEALS.

A SERIES OF LETTERS FROM A YOUNG LADY IN HER TEENS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Ingomar, Orange County, August, 185–.

My dear Belle Manning—You made me promise to write you, six months after I left school—to describe, faithfully, all my surroundings—to tell you if I was happy—and last, but *not* least—if I had found "that rest in the affections of one true heart," over which we used to sigh so romantically. I am about to keep that promise—for it is just six months this day, since I left you and "La Chateau."

You, my dear Belle, who are still pursuing the same beaten track we trod together, are doubtless still thinking the same thoughts, and feeling the same emotions. But with me all is changed. The quiet garden of La Chateau, where we used to walk together, by moonlight, is scarcely more different from the places I have seen, within the last half year, than I, from the girl who lingered there with you, to sigh, and look at the moon, and repeat poetry.

We made some laughable mistakes there, Belle Manning, which you will discover, as well as I have done, when you come out into the world. We used to read Byron, and fancy ourselves misanthropic! The misanthropy of two boarding-school girls of eighteen! Was there ever a more ridiculous idea? I laugh every time I think of it. The world is a bright and happy place—and if, as many tell me, treachery and deceit are lurking in it, I, at least, have not found them yet. Every one is kind, every one is willing to let me be as gay and light-hearted as I choose, and that is much of itself.

So I have answered one question, and you see that I am happy. Now for my home, which you have never seen. I live, as you know, with my mother, who is a widow, in good circumstances. She owns the "old homestead," on which we reside, and two large farms adjoining. These farms she oversees herself, being a kind of American "*Ma chere mere.*" She delights in managing and keeping in order a score or two of laborers, and steps into the pony-cart each morning to drive around among them, with as satisfied an air as if she was about to pay a visit to the Queen, in the most elegant equipage that could be devised. She is a tall, stout lady, with a kind yet dignified manner—the brightest of blue eyes, the freshest of complexions, and the glossiest of brown hair—although she is now over fifty. I often tell her she quite eclipses her daughter, in the line of youth and good looks.

The house is a great, rambling building, standing at some distance from the road—and painted red! Don't look shocked. Time and hard weather have changed the original color into a kind of dun-brown, (no pun intended,) Belle! which is really quite picturesque. In front of the house is a grassy slope which you may call a lawn, when you come, if you choose; and an old well, with its bucket swinging to the same chain that held it in my grandfather's time, is shaded by four great maple trees, at the corner of the house. Behind the "mansion," and at its sides, lies the most delightful old garden you can well imagine, full of fruit-trees and flowers, and shady walks, more beautiful even than those of La Chateau. Out of this garden open the stables. And here is one of the greatest attractions of the place, for me. For from this great door issues, every morning and evening, a powerful black horse, duly caparisoned with side-saddle, &c.; a horse that was my mother's first gift to me, on my return. He is a noble fellow, and as gentle as a lamb. You should see him rub his head against my shoulder when I go near him, and eat bread and sugar from my hand. I have named him "Oliver," of course, after the giver of my noble Newfoundland "Inkle"—who, by the way, would send his regards, could I make him understand who I am writing to. I know you will laugh at the name of my horse. Well, I cannot help it. You know well I can never forget that first, fond love. It was a dream of beauty, and although it faded so soon, it can never die within my heart.

And this will answer your last question. I have not found "that rest in the affection of one true heart," of which we used to speak. Since I said adieu at the gates of La Chateau to the only being I could ever have loved, my heart has never seemed to stir. So beautiful as he was, dear Belle—with a man's best beauty! I have never seen a face like his since! Ah, Belle, my only sad moments are when I think of him, and wonder on what strange skies those deep blue eyes are looking now. We shall never meet again—I often say this to myself, when I begin to build castles in the air about him. And then I call "Inkle" to my side. I put my arms around his shaggy neck, and lean my hand upon him while I weep a few quiet tears for one who once loved him, too. The noble creature seems to understand my thoughts, and looks in my face, and wags his tail, or licks my hand, as if he tried to say how he regretted him. Ah, Belle, how lonely the heart must be, after all, in spite of its natural gayety, that finds its best solace and support in the dumb sympathy of a dog!

But I will not sadden you or myself by dwelling any longer on what is past. I will put my writing aside for a time, and resume it when I am more in my usual mood. It is rarely that these sad thoughts come over me, Belle, and when they do, I find that action is the best cure. So, in the place of weeping for one who has long since forgotten me, I will go to my mother, who is just setting off on her daily pilgrimage over the farms. I will listen to her as she gives directions to her laborers about the coming harvest; I will accompany her while she visits her friends in the village, and I shall come home quite a different being.

Adieu, dear Belle, for the present. My mother bids me say to you that she shall be most happy to welcome her daughter's dear friend here for the holidays. So when your term at La Chateau has expired, I shall have you here with me for a long visit. That will be delightful. I am training a pony for your express use, and the little room next my own is being fitted up for you. I have hung your favorite pictures on the walls, and put a charming old easy-chair close by the window which looks out into the garden. There we will have many a long talk. I go into that room every day, and can hardly wait for the hours to come when I shall see you there. It seems to me that the holidays were never half so long in coming before. But my mother is calling and I must go. Ever your affectionate friend,

Margaret Hall.

Ingomar, August, 185–.

I have some tiresome news for you, Belle. We have a lodger. Some friend of one of my mother's old friends, from the city, who is to stay with us during the summer. His name is Mr. James Dacre, and he is a Professor of something or other in one of our northern colleges. Fancy a Professor overlooking all our wild frolics; and he wears gold glasses, too, like our teacher of French at La Chateau, whom we all used to dislike so much.

My mother seems quite delighted with the addition to our family. With her own hands she has arranged the little room just below my own, which looks out on the garden. She has placed the freshest of white counterpanes on the bed—her most choicely embroidered muslin curtains at the windows of the sitting-room, and her flower-vases of Dresden china on the side-board. What can it all mean? She sent me out to gather flowers for the sitting-room just now. I was half-tempted to make a bouquet of red clover and nettles; but I feared her displeasure too much, and only gathered her favorite white roses. A small cabinet piano has been set up, which arrived with the gentleman, and the apartment really looks quite dainty

But I am in a pet. We were so comfortable here before this stranger came, and now I suppose all will be changed. My mother met him most cordially—I saw tears in her eyes as they shook hands, and there was some allusion made to "poor Angeline," which was all Greek to me. However, I dare say I shall find it all out.

Provoking, isn't it, Belle? We shall have to take a thousand lectures every day, I presume, but then that is something we are used to. We can imagine ourselves back in La Chateau while the ordeal lasts, and forget all our troubles when we are out of sight of the Professor.

Oh, dear! I wish most sincerely that he and his piano were back again at his home, wherever that may be. I am going to dine, now—to dine with him and my mother. It is like going to sit in the pillory, Belle.

Margaret.

Four Hours Later.

Like the pillory, did I say, Belle? I ought to have been ashamed of myself, and I hereby take back every scandalous word I have uttered about the Professor. He is delightful, I can assure you and you will find him so, as well as I.

In the first place, he is not as old as I imagined him to be. He is only forty-one, and looks much younger, because he will wear no beard. (N. B. This is the greatest fault I find with him. What business has a fine-looking man to shave?) He is not above the medium hight, and is rather stout, but remarkably graceful in all his movements. His forehead is high and broad, and shaded by dark brown hair, soft and wavy, and very beautiful; his nose a very correct "Roman," and admirably adapted to the glasses it supports; his eyes are brown, soft and gentle in repose, but very brilliant when he is animated, and wearing a friendly glance for those who are dear to him, that is inexpressibly charming. I saw him look at my mother once or twice this evening, with a glance that quite won my heart. His complexion is clear and pale; his whole aspect very serious and dignified, but also very gentle. And his mouth (what can I be about, to forget his mouth!) is exquisite, being, either in movement or in repose, quite perfect in form and expression, and also being endowed with the sweetest, and, at the same time, the saddest smile I have ever seen.

You will laugh at my enthusiasm, Belle. But the truth is, our Professor is a very handsome man. He has not the brilliant beauty of "Oliver," I will admit, but his face is one that wins and charms every beholder. And his voice, which is very deep and sweet—his movements, at once graceful and dignified—are so perfectly in keeping with his face, that nothing jars upon my sense of fitness, as too many times has been the case. He is a man to be respected, and almost worshiped, by one so young as I; I should say also that he was capable of inspiring the most profound love in the heart of an older woman. If my mother would only care for him, and he for her. If I could only call him father, how happy I should be. And who knows? Stranger things have happened.

Margaret.

Ingomar, September, 185–.

We have caged a singing bird, Belle. That little cabinet piano was not intended for nothing. You should hear our Professor sing.

Do you remember one moonlight night, when we walked up and down the garden of La Chateau, and heard a voice (the voice of "Oliver") singing a serenade outside? I know you have not forgotten it—you were so charmed with the melody and with the voice—so sweet, so powerful, and yet so sad. I have heard many tenor singers since then, but never one like him, till now. Professor Dacre has the same rich, yet mournful voice. It made me start when I first heard it, it was so like. And oh, Belle, the other evening, as my mother and I sat in his little parlor to hear him, his hand fell lightly on the keys, and he sang that same serenade. I closed my eyes, and as I listened, I seemed to see the stone walls of La Chateau, the high garden fence, on which the pale moonlight fell, and you standing by my side, with your gray dress and garden hat of straw. It was too much. I forgot where I was, and sobbed audibly. The music ceased at once, and my mother hung over me in dismay, while Mr. Dacre brought me a glass of water. I blushed scarlet when I stammered, in answer to my mother's inquiries, that I had heard the tune before, and met his eyes. He said nothing, but I am sure he guessed the reason of my tears, for he has never played that song again.

I am taking lessons of him. The scientific manner in which I was taught to play at La Chateau finds no favor in his eyes, and he spends an hour with me each day, teaching me his favorite songs, and showing me how to "put soul into them," as he calls it. I have learned some beautiful things, which I know you will like, and which we will all sing together when you come.

You asked me in my last letter how I passed my time, now that "the ogre" has arrived. I will tell you. In the first place, we always ride before breakfast—that is to say, Mr. Dacre and myself—for my dear mother is rather fond of her bed in the morning. After an hour's canter on two spirited horses, we return in time to meet her at the breakfast table. When that meal is finished, she spirits me off with her to ride about the farm, having got some whim in her head of making me a business woman, like herself. A certain old proverb, which you have often heard, comes up to my mind quite often as we drive around, and she instructs me on harvests, and crops, &c.; but the ride is always pleasant, and I like to be with her, so I don't complain. At eleven we return. From that time till two, I read in my room. Then comes dinner, where I meet the Professor again. He either reads or rambles about of a morning, and generally does both. So he has always something new to talk to us about as we linger over our dessert. After dinner my mother composes herself in her chair, throws her kerchief over her head, and takes a nap, while the Professor and myself, book in hand, stroll up and down the garden walks, or sit in the little arbor by the old well, and read aloud. Inkle always insists upon making one of the party, and invariably dozes when we read, and wakes up with a start, looking very much ashamed of himself. Then comes tea, and after tea, music, a quiet walk with my mother and her friend, or, it may be, a ride in the old family carriage, which has done duty for more years than I can count.

So ends the day. We live the quietest life imaginable, and also one of the happiest, I believe. When you are here, we shall, of course, make it more lively for you; but I am much mistaken if you do not prefer a day and evening such as I have described, now and then, to all the society our little neighborhood can furnish. It is so delightful to have those around you whom you know and care for, and only those.

I must tell you one thing more. You will remember my saying that my mother and Mr. Dacre made some allusion to "poor Angeline" when they met. I have found out who Angeline was.

The other day, while I was waiting for the Professor in his parlor, I opened a book that was lying on the table. It was a copy of Moore's Illustrated Melodies, and on the fly leaf was written—

"James Benedict Dacre, from his loving wife, Angeline."

I was so startled, so surprised, and, it may be, so shocked, that I closed the book, and ran out of the room to find my mother and ask her what it meant. She told me then about it.

It seems that Mr. Dacre was brought up in the house of an uncle. His only cousin, Angeline, was a sickly, delicate girl, slightly deformed, and very sad and sensitive. She loved her cousin, and sunk gradually into a decline, because she was convinced her love was hopeless. Her father, at last, discovered the truth, and, sending for his nephew, told him all. What did the young man do, Belle?

He asked his cousin to marry him, at once, never hinting to her what he had heard. The poor girl was almost beside herself with joy, and he gave up everything and devoted himself to her. She only lived six months after her marriage, but they were months of perfect happiness to her. And my mother says that never, by word, or look, or deed, did he allow his wife to guess that he married her only that he might atone to her for the suffering which he had unconsciously put upon her. She died in his arms, blessing him; and though it is nearly twenty years since, he has never married again.

It is a beautiful story, is it not, Belle? If possible, I reverence him still more than I did before. And yet I am not surprised. Such conduct is only what I should have expected of him, with his delicate feelings, and kind heart. It is a great pity there are not more men in the world like him. Oh, Belle,—I wonder if Oliver would have done like this. I am afraid not. For as the days go by, and the glamor fades from before my eyes, I can see that he was not what I believed him to be. I bowed down before an idol, and I have found it clay. I suppose it is the case with many, Belle.

And yet he is not forgotten—only too fondly remembered, perhaps. Never, while this heart beats, can it cease to beat more quickly at his name. But, oh, Belle, I am afraid I must own that, with all his glorious beauty—all his dazzling gifts, he is no longer my ideal!

Margaret.

Ingomar, October, 185–.

How shall I tell you the astounding news, Belle? Guess who is here! Guess the strangest, the most improbable, the most unlikely thing on earth,—guess "*Oliver!*"

Yes, Belle, he is here, in this house, at the moment I write you. And, what is stranger still, he is the nephew of our Professor! Dacre is the name over which we puzzled so long in the note he once sent me, and "Oliver Kent Dacre" stands revealed before me.

You will wonder how all this happened—I think I can guess.

I have already told you of the little affair of the serenade. It seems the song was written by Mr. Dacre himself, only a year ago, and has never been published. When I manifested so much emotion at hearing it, I think he guessed the truth at once, for Oliver has told me that no one has ever seen the manuscript of the song but himself. Well, as if that was not enough, the other evening I called my horse "Oliver" while Mr. Dacre was standing by. He looked interested at once, and fixed his eyes upon me with that keen glance which seems to read my very thoughts.

"What do you call him?" he asked.

I blushed furiously as I told him.

"Oh!" he said, thoughtfully: "Named for a friend, perhaps."

"For a friend I shall never see again," I answered, patting the neck of the horse.

"Are you sure?" he asked, with startling earnestness.

I looked at him, wonderingly, but he only smiled and walked away.

Yesterday, at dinner, after being unusually reserved and taciturn all day, he opened his lips to communicate the fact that he expected a nephew from New York that evening. He would stop at the village inn, he said, while he remained, but would be there that evening, to pay his respects to us. He did not look at me as he spoke and when dessert was over went directly to his room, in the place of walking in the garden with Inkle and myself. I thought he must be ill—he seemed so strange.

But judge of my astonishment when, as we sat quietly around the parlor table that evening, the door opened—and Oliver stood before me! I sprang to my feet, with my heart beating as if it would force its way to him; my mother also rose, without noticing my embarrassment. He shook hands with his uncle, received his introduction to her with an easy grace, and held out his hand to me with a smile. He was evidently well prepared for the meeting, but I, as I touched the hand which I had never expected to hold again in this world, could say nothing. I saw Mr. Dacre looking at us as we met. There was a glance in his eye that I could not quite translate.

It was but a little while before all was explained to the satisfaction of my mother, and we were seemingly at ease together. Seemingly, I say, for I was awkward and embarrassed enough in reality. I knew that Oliver's presence there was not accidental—I knew whom I had to thank for it, and every time I looked at him I found his solicitous gaze bent upon me, as if he would have said, "My child, have I made you happy?"

I was silent all the evening, though the rest were gay enough. I looked, now and then, at the face which so charmed only one year ago. It is strange how great a change one year has made, Belle, either in me or him. I cannot see him as I used to. Handsome he is, most certainly, but only with an animal beauty after all. He looks flushed and dissipated. His eye has a glance from which I shrink with disgust, and his mouth an expression I cannot tolerate. I saw them for a moment side by side to night, as they were lighting their bedroom candles. How much more beautiful seemed the calm, pale face of the uncle to me than the laughing, good-humored countenance of the nephew.

You will call me capricious. I cannot help it. What Oliver Dacre was at the time I first knew him, I cannot say,—what he is now I can guess only too well. Had I never met him again, I should have kept him in my memory as a kind of beautiful dream—too sacred and dear for the eyes of the world to gaze upon. But, believe me, dear Belle, if we wish to keep up the illusions of our girlhood, we should never meet those who shared them with us after experience has lifted the magic veil of romance from our eyes. I am safe, as far as Oliver Dacre is concerned, for evermore. His voice and step have lost the power to move me—I can only look quietly into his handsome face, and wonder what I once saw there to charm me so.

That he does not dream of such a change in me is very evident. He looks upon me as the school-girl who dared the vigilance of a half dozen teachers to enjoy a stolen walk with him, and manifests his interest in me in a kind of lordly way that sometimes makes my blood boil. He seems to think he need but throw the handkerchief at any time that may suit him, and I shall stoop to pick it up, with a thousand thanks. I might have been besotted as he thinks me twelve months ago, but now I am free—so far as he is concerned.

There, you will say, is a half confession of slavery in another direction. Well, be it so. I have always told you every thought and feeling I have had—why should I be ashamed to show you those which are higher and nobler than any you have seen in me before? Why should I fear to say that I have learned to prize true dignity of character, true manliness of soul, true delicacy of feeling, and true nobility of nature, in the place of such counterfeits as I find in the mind of Oliver Dacre?

I do love his uncle, Belle—I am proud to own it. I think I must have loved him from the first, though I could not see it, till Oliver came. But as I looked at the two men, as they stood or sat, side by side, I knew well which was the dearest. I would not give one hour of quiet conversation with him for ten thousand such walks as I used to take with Oliver, while you, (like a faithful little friend as you were,) kept watch at the garden-gate of La Chateau.

But since his nephew came I get but few of these hours. He seems to avoid us. It is Oliver now who rides with me in the morning, Oliver who walks with me and Inkle after dinner in the garden, and Oliver who shares those precious evening tours that were once consecrated to him. I get wild sometimes, and wish him in Jericho, or any other distant place—but it will not do to tell him so, and I can only look up at the shuttered windows of Mr. Dacre's rooms, and wonder how long it will be before that dear serious face looks out upon me again. I have tried to join him, when I could, without attracting too much attention—but he has received me rather coldly. The other evening, as he passed us on the portico, I asked him if he would solve a riddle for me.

"Name it," he said, pausing in his rapid walk.

"Why is it that the persons we most wish to see are the very ones we see the least of?" I asked, timidly.

He looked me straight in the face, and his color rose.

"You must first prove that it is so," he said, coldly, and passed on. I said no more; I felt that he had understood my appeal, and rejected it.

Meanwhile, our days go on here much as usual to the outward eye, but oh, how different to mine. The happy hours have all fled, and the weary ones remain. I hear the piano now and then, in the room beneath my own, but its music is so sad that it makes me weep. Oh, I wish—I do wish Oliver would go back to the city, and leave us as we were before!

Evening.

Matters are evidently drawing to a close, dear Belle. To-night, while we were standing on the portico, looking up at the moon, and talking of you and La Chateau, Oliver asked me to be his wife. I declined, most respectfully and decidedly, and leaving him, came at once to my room. From the side window I can see him still standing there, digesting his astonishment. It must indeed have been a great one to him. If any one had told me, twelve months since, that I should this night give such an answer to such a question from him, should I have believed it? I fancy not. But I am glad it is over, and I hope he will go away quietly now. I feel as if a heavy load had been taken off my heart, and for the first time since he came can go quietly to sleep.

Margaret.

One Day Later.

Our early stage-coach carried Mr. Oliver Dacre back to the railroad station this morning, Belle, but not before he had had an explanation with his uncle. My mother was left somewhat in the dark, both by me and by him, but she has since been enlightened on that and other points.

It is needless to say that I did not take my usual ride this morning. My mother and myself breakfasted alone, Mr. Dacre having gone to the station with his nephew—so that I met him for the first time at dinner. He looked at me attentively a moment as I took my seat at table, but addressed all his conversation to my mother, who was full of regrets over the sudden and urgent business that had called his nephew back to the city. When dessert was over, I still sat by my mother, who established herself for her usual nap. Mr. Dacre lingered by the window a moment, and then addressed me.

"Will you come and walk with me in the garden, Margaret? I have something to say to you."

I followed him to the little arbor, expecting a terrible lecture for my rejection of his nephew. But I was mistaken. He looked puzzled—but neither grieved nor angry. Indeed he seemed more like himself than I had seen him for days.

"Oliver has told me of all that passed between you and him last night," he said, as soon as I had taken my seat beside him in the arbor. "And he begged me to come and talk with you about it, and find out, if I could, the reason of his strange dismissal. Will you tell me, Margaret, as you might tell any friend who is old enough to be your father?"

Here was a fine beginning! But I only answered that I refused his nephew simply because I did not love him.

"Yet you loved him once," he said, with a searching glance.

"I *thought* I did, Mr. Dacre," I said, quietly.

"When I sang the serenade which moved you so," he continued, "did you not love him?"

"I *thought* I did," I said again.

"And what taught you that you did not, Margaret?"

I was silent. How could I tell *him?*

He began to walk up and down before me—a sure sign that he was moved.

"Margaret," he said, in a soft voice, "my nephew loves you, and I promised him to plead for him. What is it that he has done to change you?"

"Nothing," I answered. "It is what he has not done."

"And what is that?"

"He has not made himself a good or noble man," I said, warmly. "He has not been just—he has not been generous—or truly courageous. If I gave him my heart, he would not know what to do with it. He would soon despise, and finally break it."

"How do you know, Margaret?"

"I judge him by the eye and mouth, which never lie."

He was silent for a moment. Then he sighed, and said—

"Well, my child, if it must be, it must. Yet I will confess that I hoped to have bound you to me even through him. I am a lonely man, Margaret, and must always be. But I had hoped that if I went away and left him with a fair young wife, Margaret would give her uncle a warm welcome when he returned——"

"Going? Are you going away?" I cried.

"Very soon, my child. On a long and weary journey, from which I may never return. I have no ties to bind me to home as other men have, and I may be a wanderer till I die. I am going to the East, Margaret—to the Holy Land. What shall I bring you for an amulet from Jerusalem?"

I forgot everything except that I was about to lose him. I held out my hands to him, and cried out—

"If you go away from me for so long a time—if I can never see your face, or hear your voice again—I shall die!"

"What, Margaret?"

He came and stood over me, as if he was going to clasp me to his heart, and then turned suddenly away.

"No—I will not say it. I will not wrong your innocent trust and confidence so."

"Oh, speak! I will hear it—I must!" I cried.

"Margaret, do you think I have been cold and insensible during all the delightful days we have passed together? Do you think, because I am so much older than you, that I cannot see how delightful your youth and gayety is? Do you think, because I am reserved and quiet, that I am also cold and indifferent? If so, you are mistaken. I love you—I love you with ten times the fervor the boy who wooed you can feel. I love you as a lonely man must love the one fair flower that seemed to spring up in his pathway for him alone. There is not a smile of your lip, not a glance of your eye, not a wave of your hair, that I do not know by heart. Margaret, you will never be loved again as I have loved you!"

I knew it well. But I was silent. It was so strange to see him, who had always been so self-possessed and reserved, moved and trembling, through his deep affection for a simple girl, that I could not speak.

"If I were a younger man, or a richer, or a more famous one," he continued, "I should not give you up till I had made, at least, one trial to win your heart. But as it is, I can only resign you to some one better worthy of you. Margaret, young and fair and good, is not for me. Yet I trust she will not quite forget her friend, when he is far away."

He took my hand and pressed it gently. I looked up in his face, and could not keep him in suspense.

"If Margaret's choice was here," I said, "would you go away?"

"Do not tempt me with such a question, my child. I should be base, indeed, if I was to take advantage of your generous sympathy, simply that I might be happy, while you were miserable."

"Hear me," I said, rising and standing beside him. "From the first moment that we met, you have been dear to me. You asked me why I rejected your nephew. I will tell you now. It was because I loved you. And if you go away and leave me now, you will break my heart!"

"Margaret, my darling! Can this be real?" he exclaimed, as he clasped me to his heart, and kissed me again and again. Ah, it *was* real! No one is ever so happy in a dream.

We went together to my mother and told her all. She rubbed her eyes, and looked at us in astonishment; but when she fully understood everything her joy knew no bounds. She has been in a state of effervescence ever since, and insisted on my writing to you to come at once, that she might have some one to talk to about her preparations for the wedding.

You will come, will you not, dear Belle? Your term has so nearly expired that you can easily get leave of absence for the remainder; and come and be my mother's "right hand man." The wedding is to be celebrated on Christmas-day. Mr. Dacre and my mother will not hear of any later season. Then, after a short trip to New York, we shall return to the old homestead, and wait quietly till summer, when that eagerly talked-of journey to the Holy Land is to be made.

These are our arrangements, Belle, but we will talk more of them when we meet. Come to us at once, and you will see how much Ingomar eclipses La Chateau in its autumnal beauty. I will promise you plenty of amusement of all kinds; and I can assure you, you will never say "ogre" again after you look once in the kind face of the Professor—*my* Professor now! You will love him—you cannot help it—for you are as much influenced by a gentle manner as I, though you never would confess it.

Come then, dear friend, and see how happy we are—come, and be happy with us yourself. I shall look for you by every stage—and oh, Belle, I defer till then the joy of telling you how deeply I prize the noble heart I have won—and how infinitely above my first, I find my second and last and best—Ideal! As ever, your affectionate friend,

Margaret Hall.

P. S. It will be "Margaret Dacre" after all—won't it, Belle?

We love the young—there is a rich joyousness, a delightful *naivete* in the conversation of children, so different from the roughness or the staid, formal talk of "old folks" or "grown up people." Those who do not love children deserve to grow old at thirty-five, and go into dotage at forty.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MUTABILITY.

God alone is immutable—so truth alone is final. On the page of nature and over mortal destinies, is written mutability. These are subject to birth and death, to growth and decay. These have their period and appointed hour—are metamorphosed by a thousand transitions. One might deem that death is immutable, even as he is inevitable and inexorable; but he, too, though "all seasons are his own," shall, when the seasons and the years are past,

> "And time is but the flow of light,
> Golden and glowing through the air,"

be swallowed up, mutable as the mortalities he quenched. The years come and go, and abide not; the seasons perish and are renewed—their lives are transient; the leaves shoot and fall, brief as beautiful; the flowers image the undying, yet wither in an hour; melody of birds quivers from the groves, but silence succeeds; the brooks flash in beauty, then are sheeted and hidden; under all the heavens, wide as the glance of the all-beholding sun, nothing reposes—the mutable cannot repose. It may change—that is its condition and its law. But in grandeur and majesty the Immutable reposes, yet creates, upholds, and sustains all things. With the Immutable labor is repose; nor could the needs of myriads of universes stir the serenity of its depths. This is where God is most truly typed, as elsewhere is the universe of men and things. Thus the old Greek gloriously beheld him

> "O'er all the gods enthroned, in sovereign state,
> By God-like rule and labor undisturbed."

The times, the falling leaves, and the quick and ever-rapidly succeeding shadows of death, carry our thoughts to this topic, as one eminently fitted to chasten in us whatever is over-proud and disdainful. The times—ah, indeed! these have taught the lesson of mutability sternly and bitterly. How that "riches take to themselves wings and flee away," and bidding "him that thinketh he standeth fast, take heed lest he fall." And the falling leaves—what a psalm they rustle to mutability. We saw them born in the beautiful spring, when May danced in the meadows with violets in her hair; we saw them perfected in the golden summer, ere the peach purpled its rind, and the winds whispered among them and kissed them lovingly, and now they lie out there, "on mountain-side and wold," sere, fallen and dead. Within the little circuit of their lives three seasons perished. And death—who but the immutable God, ever-adorable, shall withstand and conquer him? Hour by hour the grim king lessons us to "work while the day lasts, for the night—his own Plutonian night—cometh, in which no man can see." Let us, then, work wisely for ourselves, brotherly for one another, lovingly for the world, and reverently for God; and at length, though mutable as mortals we be, we shall, through immortality, become one with the Immutable.

THE JEW.

In looking over the history of the human race for the last eighteen hundred years, we have invariably found that persecution and oppression have recoiled upon themselves. When the Catholics employed fire and sword to root out Protestantism, were not some of the first men the world ever produced the Protestant martyrs? Again, when Protestantism gained the upper hand, and fiercely persecuted Catholicism, were not the cleverest and most learned men that faith has ever brought forth the martyrs? Where is there a race or body of men who have been so perseveringly pursued to destruction as the Jews? For eighteen centuries, in all parts of the world, a Jew has been looked upon as a criminal—as something unclean—as a thing to be trampled on, robbed, kicked, and despised. Yet when did that race stand higher than at present? When did we ever before find as many of the brightest ornaments of the financial, the mercantile, the literary, the musical, and the dramatic world to be Jews?

The world to-day worships Mammon as zealously and as entirely as it ought to worship God, and the very high-priest of this religion, the first financier of the world, who holds peace and war in his hands, and at whose frown emperors quake, kings tremble, and republics maintain peace, is a Jew. In literature, the Jewish element is still more prominent. The D'Israelis—the elder, immortal through his "Curiosities of Literature," and the younger, a novelist of the first class, and the leader of the Protectionist party of the British Commons—are alone sufficient example. In the musical and dramatic world, Rachel, the Queen of Tragedy, Juliana, the matchless cantatrice, Mario, the great tenor, Rossini, Mendelsohn and Meyerbeer, the composers, and Henry Heine, the critic, poet and philosopher, are but a portion of the illustrious Jewish list.

Verily, the Jew is outliving persecution and the world's scorn. Hunted up and down the earth these many centuries past, and held good prey for the Christian in all the civilized world, he is at length redeeming his status in the human family, and entering into the councils and consideration of nations. In England, where, two centuries ago, it was hardly a misdemeanor to plunder him, he is now a member of the House of Commons, and Lord Mayor of London. In Paris, St. Petersburgh, London, Hamburgh and Madrid, he is the monarch of the exchange. Even here, he is potent in Wall street and Chatham, while one of his race represents us as minister abroad. We do not shrink from contact with him, as of old. In spite of his iron creed, he Christianizes, or at least humanizes, under the genial influence of a tolerant age.

"NO GOVERNMENT."

Some people are constantly condemning government, as though there were no truth outside of their "no government" theory. They belong to the impracticals, who never did and never will take common-sense views of life.

What *is* government? The regulation of human intercourse by rules having for their end the mutual good of all.

We have not stopped to hunt up an authorized definition. We have preferred to give one of our own. If it be a correct one, what justification can the "no government" croakers find for their complaints?

In infancy, man needs government more than the young of any other animal, at the top of the scale of animal life though he ranks so proudly. Of all young animals, the babe is notoriously the most deplorably helpless. As he grows up, he needs the control of his parents and his teachers. When he is grown, he needs that of the organized community—the state or commonwealth.

The laws of a State, or a federation of States like that under which we enjoy so many privileges, what are they, but so many *rules* agreed upon in the way deemed most convenient? These they are, and nothing beside. Nor is the State anything but a family on an enlarged scale.

Away, then, with the "no-government" clatter! Government we *must* have. To have, in its regulations, the assurance that the highest good of the governed is its aim and end, is all we can demand. When this is actualized, the true ideal of government will have proved itself to be what it is—divine.

SOUL TRIALS.

The days of the American Revolution have been so frequently alluded to as those which "tried men's soul," that the expression has taken its place among the proverbial sayings of the nation, and become the rallying cry of patriotism. It is full of *significance*, and is but another form for the expression of moral heroism—that so rare quality, compared with the daily and hourly exhibitions of mere physical courage around us. In ordinary times, ordinary men are found equal to the trials of life. In extraordinary times, the converse becomes true—and then a test is furnished to try the souls of even the bravest of the brave!

When the currents are smooth, or only slightly ruffled, almost any swimmer may reach the shore, and congratulate himself on his fancied triumph! It is tempest-tossed currents that furnish the fields of real triumph. Such were those encountered by the brave Æneas, who dared to make of his own back a bridge for his age-enfeebled sire escaping from the flames of Troy. And like unto such are the waves of adversity through which the world's moral heroes swim, while her cowards sink to the bottom in despair!

Let us, here again, learn a lesson for the times, and award at least the meed of praise justly due to those whose forethought and courage have prepared them for the worst, and sustained them when the worst was at hand. Such are the world's truest heroes, whose worth can only be fully appreciated when they *are* found standing firm amid "soul trials" that have prostrated scores of merely reckless men in the same sphere of action!

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Ours is a secular journal. We wage no warfare against any religious sect. If a man believes a *lie*, he will be the greatest sufferer by it himself; and in taking this view of theological controversies, we have frequently been surprised at the bitterness and bad feeling which have characterized religious discussions. Why should a Catholic *hate* a Protestant, and a Protestant *hate* a Catholic, in consequence of a difference of opinion? Is it not ridiculous? Should they not rather love each other, reason together, and mutually endeavor to ascertain *the truth?* In a matter of *soul interest*, they should not permit *pride of opinion, prejudice*, or anything else to place them in *antagonistic* positions. It is foolish to do so—it is wicked—it is destructive of their own interests and welfare. They all profess to believe in one God, and inasmuch as they acknowledge one common Father, they should endeavor to instruct each other in the way to serve him. They should not allow themselves to be carried away by crafty men, who endeavor to make proselytes rather than Christians. How a truly *religious* man can bring himself to think that it is right to *persecute* one of his fellows on account of a difference in belief, is more than we can comprehend. No religious man can do so. Hypocrites and wolves in sheeps' clothing may.

Good Advice.—A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints. Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

We don't consider that "good advice." We refer to the concluding sentence of the paragraph. If everybody was to "look sunshiny, *whether they felt so or not*," what a nation of hypocrites we would be! It is well to "look sunshiny," if you feel so; or, if you do not feel so, to endeavor to feel so; but never *affect to be what you are not*. That's *our* advice.

Live up to your Engagements.—To both men and boys, the Ledger would say, live up to your engagements. By so doing you not only satisfy those with whom you have dealings, but establish a reputation for yourself that is invaluable. Lying never profiteth any man.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"WHERE HAVE I BEEN, AND WHAT HAVE I SEEN?"

Well—in the first place, I have been to see Miss Hosmer's statue of "Beatrice Cenci," and I hope all who read this will go, too. Now, if you look for an artistic description of it, you must look somewhere else; there are plenty of walking dictionaries who will prate to you about the "pose" of the figure, etc., as they look through their cold, scientific spectacles. I shall simply say that to my eye it is so surpassingly lovely, I could almost weep that no breath of life will ever warm it into love. If there is a fault in those undulating limbs, and in that sweet, sad, child-like face, I thank the gods my eye was too dull to perceive it; and I thank the gods, too, that the young sculptress has had the courage to assert herself—to be what nature intended her to be—a genius—even at the risk of being called unfeminine, eccentric, and unwomanly. "Unwomanly?" because crotchet-stitching and worsted foolery could not satisfy her soul! Unwomanly? because she galloped over the country on horseback, in search of health and pleasure, instead of drawing on her primrose kids, and making a lay-figure of herself, to exhibit the fashions, by dawdling about the streets. Well, *let* her be unwomanly, then, I say; I wish there were more women bitten with the same complaint; let her be "eccentric," if nature made her so, so long as she outrages only the feelings of those conservative old ladies of both sexes, who would destroy individuality by running all our sex in the same mold of artificial nonentity—who are shocked if a woman calls things by their right names—who are such double-distilled fools, that they cannot see that a frank, natural, hearty, honest woman may be safely trusted, when your Miss Nancies would be found kissing behind the door. Show me a cut-and-dried "proper" person of either sex, and I will show you one whose evil inclinations wait only upon opportunity. Show me a long face, and I'll invariably show you an arrant hypocrite. Show me a woman who rests the tips of her prudish fingers on a man's coat sleeve when she takes his arm, and I will show you a woman who will run away with him the first chance she gets, be he married or single.

"What have I seen?" I have seen the portrait of "Rosa Bonheur;" with the short, dark hair pushed back, man-fashion, from an open, fine, spirited, and not unhandsome face; with the delicate white hand which I acknowledge feeling a most masculine inclination to "propose" for, resting upon the arm of—(dear Miss Nancies of both sexes, pray forgive me, I must say it;) resting on the arm of a tremendous great bull; which it was actually refreshing to see after the kidded dandies we had just left in Broadway. "And this is Rosa Bonheur," said I. Well, Miss Rosa, it is my opinion that you are sufficient unto yourself, and would consider a husband only in the light of an incumbrance. I am very sure that a woman who can paint such animals as yours, would have to wait till a race of men has sprung up, very different from those unchivalric wretches who stand in this warm gallery *with their hats on*, in the presence of so many ladies, not to mention your talented self. "Ah, my dear," said an old gentleman to whom I made this last remark, "the good old stock has nearly run out; you musn't expect it, my dear." And so I don't—but if men only knew how to be gallant without being effeminate, how to be manly and yet to be tender, *wouldn't* we adore them? But, good gracious, they don't; and so I am glad that a new order of woman is arising like the Bonheurs and Hosmers, who are evidently sufficient unto themselves, both as it regards love and bread and butter; in the meantime, there are plenty of monosyllabic dolls left for those men who, being of small mental stature themselves, are desirous of finding a wife who will "look up to them."

Fanny Fern.

LANDMARKS.

Three grassy fields, and a ridge of corn,
  An old house, and a space
For lilacs 'twixt the road and the door,
  And you will know the place.

But not so much by the grassy fields,
  And not so much by the space
For lilacs, 'twixt the road and the door,
  As by a smiling face,

That you will see looking out for me—
  A face so sweet and gay,
That you cannot take a step beyond
  The dear old house, all day.

Alice Cary

PERSEVERE!

Great is the virtue of perseverance! Dr. Johnson tells us that diligence, which is nearly the same as perseverance, is never wholly lost. Even though we miss our principal aim, we gain by its pursuit in the *spirit* of perseverance.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise has been aptly used to illustrate the value of perseverance. The former trusted to the swiftness of its foot, and delayed setting off upon the proposed race so long, that the latter first reached the goal, and won the prize, slow-motioned as it necessarily was.

Human society is full of the tardy hare's imitators. They sadly lack not only the quality of perseverance, but that of promptitude as well—or rather, as ill. They will hesitate, while others take the prizes of life. Ay, while they hesitate, and console themselves that they are not as "reckless" as some competitor, the condemned one perseveres, and leaves them far behind, in mediocrity of success, if not utter despair and failure—leaves them to quote, in self-gratulation—

> "Fools step in where angels fear to tread"—

the quoters themselves being the "angels," of course, and everybody else the "fools."

Yes, perseverance is a noble quality, or, rather, a combination of qualities, in which hope and courage meet forethought and discretion, and work together, for good, in the most beautiful accordance.

Young man! do you feel discouraged? Arouse yourself, and persevere! If you cannot be a hare in swiftness, determine to be a tortoise in steadiness of purpose and action. You will come out far ahead of many a dilatory hare in the great race of humanity.

There is a family in this city that has "scraped together," as the phrase goes, a snug little fortune by gathering rags in the streets. Wealth often ends in rags, but rags not often in wealth.

We don't exactly believe in that. Rags *do* often end in wealth. People who are careful, prudent, and economical, and who do not trouble themselves much on account of a hole in the elbow, and who are not particularly nice about being rigged out in the most modern fashion, are more likely to accumulate wealth than those who put all they earn upon their back. At least, that is the result of our observation.

THE KING IS SICK.

Verily, more or less, all the kings are sick. Not feeble, merely, for that they have been since Napoleon played his game among their thrones, teaching the world that no potentates can rely on "divine rights"—but downright nauseated, with the bitter pills which uprising man has forced down their throats. They are sick of the turbulence and insolence of the peoples, who will no longer cry as of old, "long like the king!" But specially is the king of Prussia sick; so sick that all the courtly world is in suspense. The king is sick, and every ear for royalty is "cocked" to hear how the king progresses. Bulletins and couriers fly to spread the "alarming" news. Electric wires and newspapers groan even, with the king's groans. "How is he?" from hour to hour cry all the royal cousins. The muffled knocker of his palace door vibrates from throne to throne.

Poor man—as such we pity him; but what specially rare thing is it that a king should be sick? Better be sick and dead, and buried fathoms deep, than live for fools or tyrants, as many of them have been. We know not whether his majesty of Prussia be of these classes, though since the "Great Frederick," German kings and princes have not been extraordinaries. But all badinage aside, what difference does it make now-a-days whether a king is sick or well, whether he lives or dies? Save the autocrats of Russia and France, kings are but "poppets," played by cabinets and councils. They are born and they die, and nature gives no sign of the event:

> "No awful portents fill the sky."

But it is of some consequence to all the world, when a man of thought dies—when the philosopher, who has led the human mind a step forward; or the poet, who has lifted the human soul upward; or the artist, who has sculptured, or painted, or builded grandly, thus enlarging the empire of the beautiful and useful—we all sorrow when these are sick, and we all lament when they die. The world could better spare the king of Prussia, than Jerrold, or Crawford. These were both kings and men, who held dominion where the king of Prussia is uncared for and unknown. Evidently the last folly, as Carlyle says on the "Old Clothes" question, the world will give up, will be its disposition to lend a quicker ear to whatever concerns kings and lords. It is a part of the servility grimed into man during ages of vassalage to kings. But it will die out by-and-by, with much other foible. The kingly office, if useful and well filled, we can respect; but the king, who is not clean quit of all old-fashioned kingly notions and flummery, is a poor, rubbishy affair. We see that, as with other human beings,

> "Death lays his icy hand on kings,

with just as little reverence as when he clips the flickering taper of a tinker.

WAR!

If it be true that a state of peace is the time to prepare for war, is it not equally true that a pacific era, such as we Americans are now enjoying, is a good time to reassure ourselves of the disadvantages, not to say the horrors, of war, and of the blessings of peace?

Lord Clarendon took no superficial view of war, when he said it lays our natures and manners waste as our gardens and habitations, and that we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one as the integrity of the other, under the violent jurisdiction of drums and trumpets. That it *does* play sad havoc with the popular morals, all history lamentably warns us, and therein lies one of the secrets of its malign control over the nations that court rather than shun it.

Blessed are the arts of Peace, as compared with the arts of War! And lucky is the nation whose sowers do not sow dragons' teeth, after the fabled manner of old Cadmus, in order to grow armed men!

A writer recently, after viewing the operations of the United States armory at Harper's Ferry, Va., well suggested the immense saving not only, but gain also, the nation would realize by turning those huge manufactories of guns into manufactories of planes and other instruments of that most peaceful of all arts, Agriculture!

Who does not, in view of such considerations as these, and hundreds of others which the very contrast of the word "peace" with the word "war" calls to mind, wish for the promised "good time coming," when swords shall be converted to ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations of the earth shall learn war no more!

THE WINGS OF RICHES.

We are told by Solomon that riches make themselves wings, and fly away on them. To render his meaning unmistakeable, the wise man says they "fly away like an eagle towards heaven"—the eagle's flight being the emblem of swiftness of flight, in his day as now.

What, then, are the wings of riches, thus figuratively designated? Clearly they are idleness, improvidence, and prodigality. On inherited wealth these, and still other wings, are sure to be found, as a general rule, while their use justifies the popular saying about coming easy and going in the same way. The next class of wealthy people, among whom the wings of riches are apt to be found, are those who "make haste to be rich." This is a very numerous class in this country, and one that is the inevitable outgrowth of the age, which is acknowledged to be "fast" in all things.

Now, competence may be said to be the germ of riches, for its realization suggests that the time for accumulation has arrived—the point where the desire for inordinate and useless, and even miserly, wealth, or riches, is but too apt to intrude itself. Once present, this is almost certain to destroy that blissful state which Pope alludes to in this couplet:

> Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in these words—health, peace, and *competence*.

If people would only conform to the principle of moderation, here inculcated, how much of mortification and pain would be prevented, such as the wings of riches so certainly leave behind, in their woeful flight!

Wanted—A smart, capable young man, to travel South as agent for an exhibition. Communications enclosing 25 cts. to pay trouble will meet with prompt attention. Address Chatham Square Post Office.

That's one way to raise the wind. There are a great many ways of fleecing people in New York, but the above goes ahead of anything that we have yet seen. Wonder if the green ones will "trouble" him with many twenty-five cent pieces? We would not be surprised if they did.

Sunday Travelling.—Poor people must never presume to travel upon Sunday—it is so wicked; but rich men may travel as much as they please, and with impunity.

The above is the way that the devil and a few of his editorial disciples have of creating ill-feeling between the rich and the poor; and by so doing they generally accomplish all that they want. They use the "poor" as tools, when at heart they are their deadly enemies.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Woman is an exquisite production of nature, between a rose and an angel—though we have heard various other definitions. She is a treasure, of which the profligate can never appreciate the value, for he who possesses many does not possess one. Malherbe says that the Creator speaks in His Scriptures of having repented the creation of *man*, but does not inform us that he ever repented having made *woman*.

Youth is a magic lantern that surrounds us with illusions which excite pleasure, surprise, and admiration, whatever may be their nature. The old age of the sensual and the vicious is the same lantern without its magic—the glasses broken and the illusions gone; while the exhausted lamp, threatening every moment to expire, sheds a ghastly glare—not upon a fair table-cloth full of jocund associations, but upon a dismal shroud.

An abusive contemporary tells us that we shall never escape him—that he will ever be with us as our shadow. We can't keep such a shadow as that. We have read, in a wild German story, that a man sold his shadow to the devil, who at once rolled it up and put it in his pocket. We have no objections to disposing of our new shadow in the same way.

There is a class of people who think they evince prodigious knowledge of the world when they ascribe every action to the worst possible motive, taking it for granted that all men are profligate and all women inconstant. If this misanthropical ignorance is knowledge of the world, it is only of the world comprised in their own persons.

Quite a number of women, most of them old maids, have issued a call for a convention, stating their object to be "to gain a true knowledge of the nature and attributes of men." We respectfully suggest to them that they are not going the right way to work. Why don't they get married?

Inquisitiveness is an itch for prying into other people's affairs to the neglect of our own—an ignorant hankering after knowledge not worth knowing—a curiosity to learn things not at all curious. A genuine quidnunc prefers false news to none—piques himself on having the very first information of things that never happened.

While a couple of our friends were looking lately at a marble statue, one of them asked if it did not bear a very strong resemblance to himself. "I do not see that it is at all like you," said the other, "except in having *a very hard face*."

To be jealous is to torment yourself for fear you should be tormented by an another. Some author asks why jealousy, which is born with love, does not die with it. Perhaps he would have found an answer to this question if he had reflected that self-love never dies.

The sensations excited by wit are destroyed if it excites the stronger emotions. We may laugh where it is bitter, as the Sardinians did when they had tasted of their venomous herb; but this is the risibility of the muscles, more nearly allied to convulsion than to intellectual pleasure.

It is pitiful to see men of great souls doomed by adverse fortune to perform drudgeries for a livelihood. It is as if the Sun should be put in harness and compelled to haul beer from door to door.

Thought is to the thinker what the sparks are to the glowing iron, as it is whirled rustling from the forge to the anvil. It is a part of the thinker; a scintillation from the soul; and the language is the light of the kindling thought.

Inferiors is a term which many are ever ready to apply to those beneath them in station. Men may be our superiors without being our equals, and many may be our nominal inferiors to whom we are by no means equal.

The world is a great inn, kept in a perpetual bustle by arrivals and departures—by the going away of those who have just paid their bills, the debt of nature, and the coming of those who have a similar account to settle.

Great men need care little for the abuse of the malignant. It may defile them for a time, but will fall from their characters like mud thrown by a boor against the door of a glorious temple.

One of our Western Editors, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked, that, if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "I suspect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

A certain partizan Editor boasts that he is always at himself. Indeed he is. When we look at his innocent self-contradictions, we must fully agree with him that he is always *at* himself.

We suppose there are some virtues that may exist in the worst hearts, even as there are some kinds of fire that will burn under water.

It has been said with justice that the most solemn of birds is an owl, the most solemn of beasts an ass, and the most solemn of men—an ass too.

Rejected courtesy becomes enmity. If the extended hand is refused, the mere closing of the fingers changes it to *a fist*.

Writing is the painting of invisible words—the giving of substance and color to immaterial thought, enabling the dumb to talk to the deaf.

Not only to a whole language but to a whole life the word *yes* may give its color and character, as many an unhappy wife has found to her cost.

"I bought these boots to wear only when I go into genteel society." "Then they will be likely to last you a life-time and be worth something to your heirs."

If our people would have change in their pockets, we fear they must first have some in their habits of life. In that case, "change will follow change."

Words are sometimes signs of ideas, and quite as often of the want of them.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A lady residing near Norfolk, Virginia, when feeding her poultry a few days since, dropped a silver shield, such as ladies wear on their little finger while sewing, which a large gobbler unceremoniously seized and swallowed; whereupon the lady, with great presence of mind, seized the turkey, and with her scissors made an opening in its crop, took out the shield, and sewed up the wound. The patient recovered.

A camp of overland emigrants to Oregon was attacked a few weeks since by a couple of grizzly bears, which made great havoc among the cattle, and killed one woman and a child, besides dreadfully lacerating several of the men. The men fought valiantly, but the bears possessed such extraordinary vital powers that one of them nearly killed a man after seventeen rifle balls had been lodged in its body.

A duel was lately fought in Alabama, by a couple of Hotspurs on horseback. After firing at each other several times without effect, the combatants became so exasperated that they rushed together, and beat one another over the head with their pistols, until one of the horses, becoming frightened, ran off with his master, and thus put an end to the disgraceful combat.

A woman in Corydon, Indiana, was lately struck by lightning and instantly killed, and at the same moment, as the lightning flashed, her sister, who was lying on a sick bed, expired.

It is said that an effort will be made at the next session of the Legislature of this State, to abolish our usury laws and place the buying and selling of money on the same footing with commerce in other articles.

The annual cost of governing the city of New York exceeds that of all the New England states, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and South Carolina.

The mutiny in India has been so far suppressed, that no apprehensions of further outbreaks are entertained, and the few wandering bands of mutinous Sepoys will soon be exterminated.

Suits for "breach of promise" are becoming astoundingly numerous in some of the western States. The most successful plea on the part of delinquents is, "hard times."

A young scamp was recently sentenced to six months imprisonment in the House of Industry, for stealing a newspaper (probably a Ledger) from a door in Boston.

At the late fair at Stockton, California, among the prizes offered was a $50 dress to the unmarried lady who should make the best loaf of bread.

Four sportsmen of Clarksville, Tennessee, recently killed two thousand pigeons in one day, at a pigeon roost near that place.

The wheat crop of Georgia this year amounts to over three hundred thousand bushels; fifteen years ago it did not reach thirty thousand.

A rattlesnake was killed a few days ago near Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, that measured thirteen feet in length.

AN EMBLEM.

BY ALICE CARY.

Once in a garden
A long time ago,
Under a bean-vine
With blossoms like snow,
Sat a little spider—
Her coat as black as sloe,
Seven tiny candles
(Dew-drops all aglow,)
Burning before her,
Straight in a row.

Sat she there a-spinning,
Patient as a nun,
From the yellow rising
Till the set of sun;
Never for a moment
Was her labor done—
Nothing for her working,
Only *work*, seemed won—
No complete achievement
Of anything begun;
Therefore 'twas a marvel
Why she sat and spun.

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;

OR,

THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT JOCKO FOUND IN THE FOREST.

On Thursday night the two hundred men were assembled upon the parade-ground of the fort, and placed under the command of Major Cartwright. Philip Lancey was assigned the place of guide and aid to the commander, and a rank given him in the expedition equal with that of the major's. It was past midnight when they set out, and the whole garrison was up to see them off. The night was calm and pleasant, the stars being all out, and a gentle breeze from the west fanning the foliage and banishing the heat, which had been quite oppressive during the day.

The "Black Bluffs," so called by a few settlers near them, were simply a mass of rocks, forming a sort of ledge upon the lake shore, with a broad belt of sandy beach between them and the water, and reaching up towards the south to a high ridge of land which was densely timbered. These rocks extended only a few rods—perhaps twenty—along the beach, and the rise, from their base to the brow of the ridge, might have been forty feet. There were innumerable hiding-places amid the jagged mass, and some of the officers who accompanied the expedition supposed that the Indians might conceal themselves there; but Philip thought differently. He felt sure they would meet openly upon the sandy beach, where the way was clear, and the opportunity for communication free. Surely they had no fear of detection, for they had every reason to believe that their proposed meeting was a profound secret among themselves.

However, in approaching the Bluffs it was necessary to decide this question. The distance from the fort, by the path the Patriots were obliged to take, was nearly thirty miles, and most of the way, after leaving the ruins of old Fort Newport, was difficult and dubious. They dared not take the open trail, as some of the Mohawks would be sure to be making their way by that route. In many instances a road had been cut through the thick wood, and ever and anon huge trees, blown down by the wind, blocked up the way.

The sun was up when they reached Oneida Creek, and they had ten miles yet to travel. The stream was forded some five miles from its mouth, and when they had all reached the western bank they stopped for consultation. Philip was of the opinion that the Indians would meet upon the beach, as the crescent-like form of the shore and of the Bluffs, would effectually conceal them from the view of any one not very near or upon the water.

"If they had reason to apprehend a surprise it would be different," he said; "but they can have no such fears. They have selected this place for the meeting simply on account of its central position, as regards their people. I am sure they will meet upon the beach; but still we will be upon the safe side. We can form an order of march, and have scouts out ready to give the signal the moment an Indian is seen."

"I think your advice is good," replied Cartwright; "and to save time suppose we follow it?"

The rest of the officers agreed, and the men were speedily arranged for the march. Four columns were formed, of forty-five men each, who were to proceed in single file, at a distance of fifty yards apart. Between each column were stationed four men, who were to form a line of communication in case of sudden need. Then the remaining eight men, who had been selected on account of their long experience as forest hunters, were posted upon the right and left, and in the rear and front—two in each position—as scouts. Major Cartwright felt assured that if an Indian were near, the old hunters would be sure to see him.

After these arrangements had been made, Philip Lancey added the most valuable acquisition of the lot, in no less a personage than his ape-negro, Jocko. The black conjurer was sent ahead, with the understanding that he should give an alarm if he saw an Indian. If the Indian was directly ahead he was to utter the cry of an eagle; if upon the right hand, the quack of a crow; and if upon the left, the deep, clear pipe of the blackbird. If the Indian should be *approaching* the party, he was immediately to add the warble of the thrush. But, should he have been mistaken, or should the Indian have passed on ahead, so as to be out of sight and hearing, the first cry was to be twice repeated—first in a loud key, and then a little lower. With this arrangement Jocko started on ahead, and the order was given to march.

For three hours the party moved on without meeting anything to alarm them. The head of the columns had just crossed a small brook, however, when the shrill, startling cry of an eagle broke upon the air, and in a moment more came the sweet warble of the thrush. Cartwright gave a hurried order for a halt, and Philip glided forward. He had gone but a few paces when a movement in a distant tree attracted his attention, and presently he saw the dusky form of Jocko among the branches. He stopped, and bade the old hunter who had come up to remain quiet a moment. He saw the negro run to the top of the tree, where he remained a few moments, and then glide away carefully down out of sight.

A minute elapsed, and then the wild eagle-cry sounded again, and was quickly repeated. This was followed by the low, stupid scream of an owl, and so peculiarly drawn out that Philip knew Jocko had uttered it.

"What can it mean?" queried the major.

"Ah—I have it," said our hero. "The owl is the symbol of wisdom and the bird of night. He must mean *caution*."

"Certainly," returned Cartwright; and having thus spoken, he turned and gave the order for marching forward as cautiously as possible, which order was conveyed to the distant columns in a very few moments.

Meanwhile, Philip hastened forward, and when he had reached the tree up which he had seen Jocko climb, he found that individual upon his knees, holding down to the earth a stout Mohawk warrior. The Indian was upon his breast, his mouth and nose driven into a bed of fine, soft moss, and his hands held behind him.

"Ha! What ye got?" was Philip's first question, as he saw the state of affairs between his servant and the red man.

"Hi-yak-yak! Cotched 'um napp'n! He war creep'n under de tree like a long-tailed cat, an' I drapped onto 'im like a 'possum on a snake! Hi-yak-yak! Aint he a beauty?"

"But are there more about? You gave the cry of an owl. What did you mean?"

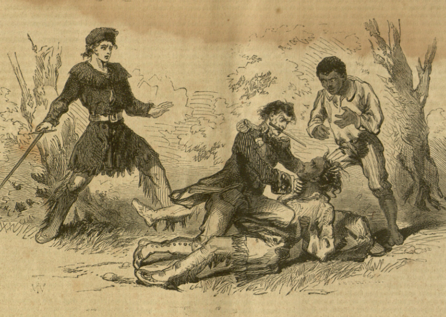
"I meant, *keep dark*. Ten Injians had gone on ahead, dat's all. But I s'pose dey is gwine now."

By this time Major Cartwright had come up, and as soon as he saw the state of things beneath the tree, he passed the order for another halt. Then he stepped forward and drew a knife from his belt.

"Lancey," he said, turning to our hero, "if you will hold your sword to that fellow's bosom, I will handle him in short order!"

The Indian was turned upon his back, and Cartwright knelt by his side, and seized his long hair.

"Look ye, Mohawk!" said he, in a tone and with a look so full of terrible vengeance, that the red man trembled—for the major had one of those faces capable of the most astonishing changes—"I'll tell ye what I have planned to do with you. Off comes your scalp, which shall be nailed to the whipping-post of the fort! Your body I'll cut into four quarters, and feed my four dogs with it! How do you like that?"



CAPTAIN GROVER BRINGING THE INDIAN SPY TO TERMS.

"White man couldn't do such a thing!" the trembling wretch gasped, speaking with difficulty, for he had not yet recovered from the effects of the smothering operation he had been subjected to.

"Can't do it?" cried the major, savagely. "What do you think I have seen since the old moon was new? I have seen husbands and fathers butchered before their wives and children! I have seen women murdered without even time for prayer! I have seen infants torn from their parents' bosoms, and their little heads crushed to atoms while the agonized mothers sued in vain! I have seen the scalp torn from the yet living victim! And I have seen the accursed Mohawk laugh and shout for joy over the horrible cruelties they perpetrated! That's what I have seen! And now I'll tell you what I have sworn: I have sworn that the first Indian warrior that fell into my hands should be scalped alive, and that he should see his scalp trampled under foot! Then his body should be eaten by dogs, so that when the Great Spirit called home the Mohawks to the happy hunting-grounds of the other world, the one I had caught should not be able to join his brothers! Aye—red man!—all this have I sworn to do, unless the Indian I found could make his life of value to me!"

As Cartwright thus spoke he seized the black hair with a firmer grip, and placed his knife upon the flesh above the ear.

"Mercy!" the miserable wretch gasped, utterly horrified and terror-stricken by the dreadful threats he had heard.

In fact, the major had looked so terrible, and spoken in such a demoniac tone, and had piled the agony up so quickly and so powerfully, that the man was far more fearfully wrought upon than he would have been by the same threats deliverad in a different manner.

"What can you offer me in return for mercy?" the furious officer howled, catching his knife between his teeth, while he gave the thick, coarse hair a terrific twist with both his hands, as though he would make a clearer track for his knife—the position of the knife-blade helping to give dire fury to his look.

"Oh! Mercy! Spare! No scalp! No dog! No eat my body up! I give you anything you want!"

"Will you tell me where your people meet to-day?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Ah—But will you spare my life?"

"I will, if you answer truly. Now where do they meet?"

"At the Black Bluffs!"

"How many?"

"One hundred and fifty."

"At what time?"

"When the sun is the highest."

"Who is the chief?"

"Great Fox."

"Where are you going from the Bluffs?"

"To join Brant."

"Where?"

"At Johnstown."

"Do you know of any bands of Tories who meet on the river?"

"There be two—one at the Flats, and one at the Bend, where Gammon lives."

Thus far had the major asked such questions as he already knew the proper answers to, and as they were as important as any he had to ask, and had been answered with such direct and unhesitating truth, he had no fear of placing firm confidence in what else he might gain from him. So he continued:

"Whereabouts at the Bluffs do the warriors meet?"

"On the lake shore."

"On the sandy beach, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Which way will most of them come from?"

"From the west."

"What were you doing out here?"

"We were sent out to see if any enemy approached the Bluffs."

"*We!*—Who were with you?"

"Eleven more."

"Where are they?"

"Ahead."

"Returning to the Bluffs?"

"Yes."

"Are there any more Mohawk scouts between here and the Bluffs?"

"No."

"Will any come this way to attend the council?"

"No."

"Will there be any white men present?"

"No.—Unless you are there yourself."

"Have you seen any Tories with your chief?"

"Yes. Three were with him this morning—two were Bradbrooks, and one I did not know, unless he kept a store at the Flats."

"Which way did they go?"

"To the east."

"Do you think the hundred and fifty Mohawks are assembled by this time?"

"They will be when the scouts are all in."

"And you are sure that there will be no scouts between here and there!"

"There wont be unless some of 'em come to look for me."

"Did you mean to march at once for Johnstown?"

"To-morrow morning we meant to be beyond the fort."

"Will there be any sentinels stationed about the Bluffs during the council?"

"Mebbe."

"But what do you think?"

"I think, no; because they wont think there's to be anybody to see."

"I suppose all your men have firearms?"

"Yes—all."

"Very well. Now tell me if there is to be another meeting of more Indians, anywhere, that you know of, for the purpose of joining the Tories and British?"

"No. No more Mohawks to meet. This band under Great Fox is the last."

"Thank you. You sha'n't be given to the dogs, and your scalp sha'n't be taken off now. We'll take you with us, to see how near the truth you've told us."

"O—no let me—Don't tell my people what I I tell you!"

"Never fear. They shall know nothing of it. Keep cool, and hide your head if you see an Indian coming. But mind:—if you utter a sound above a whisper, save when you are spoken to, I'll do all I said I would!"

The poor, quivering fellow promised everything, and, having had his arms pinioned, he was led to the rear—Jocko went on ahead—and the order was passed once more for the march

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN ACCESSION TO THE GARRISON.

The sun had just reached the meridian when Philip and Cartwright saw Jocko coming towards them. When he came up, he informed them that the Bluffs were only a few rods distant from where he had been, and that he had heard the voices of the Indians. After a short consultation, it was decided that Jocko should go on ahead and reconnoiter, while the rest stopped. Accordingly the negro went forward again, and the order for a halt was passed along the columns.

In half an hour Jocko returned, and his information was acceptable enough. He said the Indians were all assembled upon the beach, and that no sentries were posted upon the high ground. They were all there, and seemed to have just commenced business as he left. He had seen the Great Fox standing upon one of the rocks at the foot of the Bluffs, and the red men were gathering about him as he came away.

The order of march was now changed somewhat. The soldiers were divided into eight columns, instead of four, and they were placed at such distances apart as would bring them all within the limits of the head of the Bluffs, when they reached that point. Beyond that the arrangements were left until they should come within sight of the savage enemy.

Cautiously and without noise the Patriots approached the lake shore, and finally Philip and the major stood where they could see those Indians who stood in the outer circles. They caused their men to halt, and then crept forward, under cover of the thick bushes, to the edge of the high land, where they could see all that was going on below. The chief was still upon a rock, and his followers were gathered about him in regular semi-circles, while he addressed them in loud and earnest tones.

"Now is the time, if ever," whispered Philip.

"Certainly," responded Cartwright. "But about this ground—we must surround them."

Upon moving a little further forward, the whole surface of the slope could be seen, from the brow of the Bluff to the shore. It was at once evident that no one could make his escape up the rocks, as there were perpendicular surfaces, up which they could not climb without ladders. Upon either extremity of the ledge the descent would be easy, so it was finally planned that the party should be divided into two detachments, one under Cartwright, and the other under Philip. They were to make their way down the declivity under cover of the thick wood which grew upon the slope, and start out upon a given signal, which signal was to be the shrill eagle-cry of Jocko.

In accordance with this plan, four of the columns were filed off to the right, under Cartwright, and the other four to the left, under Philip. They made their way down the slope without exciting the attention of the savages, and ere long they were all arranged, ready for the charge. They had their bayonets fixed, and each man had a brace of pistols in his belt.

Just as Philip had concluded that the men upon the other side must be ready, the Great Fox gave a loud shout, and the Indians joined hands and commenced the war-dance. They were in the midst of a wild, leaping whirl, when an eagle-cry broke upon the air, so angry and so sharp, that even the Indians were startled. But they stopped not their dance. They had revolved twice around, when numerous moving objects attracted their attention, and upon ceasing their hop and gazing around, they found themselves entirely enveloped upon three sides by an armed host, and a frightful line of glittering bayonets and gaping muzzles pointed towards them. Their own weapons were all stacked against a huge rock upon one side, and ere they could have reached them, had they started sooner than they did, Philip Lancey's men had gathered their line within the place, so that their muskets and most of their heavier tomahawks were cut off.

The Indians who figured so conspicuously in the events of that period, and who gave their assistance to the loyalists, were great cowards in an open field. In every engagement where they were brought into line of battle, they were the first to flee; and, moreover, they were so wild and reckless in their flight, that their very movements struck terror to the bosoms of their white allies. They could be cruel and bloody, and they could fight like tigers when they were sure of scalps and plunder, and had a helpless foe to deal with. And from behind trees and stumps and rocks they could fire upon an enemy without flinching. But I think the case was never known where a party of Indians stood before an equal force of white men, and maintained a battle, if a way of flight were open to them.

On the present occasion, the red men could neither fight nor flee. Some of them darted up the rocks, but they were forced to stop ere they had gained any great distance.

"I would speak with the Great Fox!" shouted Cartwright.

Crestfallen and chagrined, the chief stepped out from among his warriors.

"Will you surrender?" the major demanded.

"What you do with us?" asked the Fox.

"Carry you to the fort as prisoners of war, and there keep you until we have reason to set you free."

"No kill?—no scalp?"

"Of course not. We never butcher prisoners."

"Wait," said the chief; and thus speaking, he turned back and conferred with some of his companions.

In the meantime, many of the Indians were seeking means of escape. They looked in every direction, and many of them crawled away and hid among the rocks; but they were marked, and their concealment amounted to about the same, as that attained by the ostrich, when his head has been buried in the soft sand.

The chief soon returned, and said he would surrender, which was, under the circumstances, a sage conclusion, though one very easily arrived at, seeing that there was nothing else but death within the limits of their power.

Cartwright ordered the savages to lay down all the arms they had about them, and then come forward and deliver themselves up. There was some hesitation on the part of the red men to obey this order, and it was not until they were made certain that a shower of bullets would quickly be discharged upon them, that they threw down their knives and tomahawks, and began to file forward. They were received by the Patriots, who secured their arms behind them, and then lashed them together in pairs.

One after another of the trembling rascals was drawn out from the holes and fissures among the rocks, and during the whole operation, only one man was killed. A powerful Mohawk, who had crowded himself into a deep, narrow recess between two huge rocks, swore he would shoot the first man who dared to touch him. He was ordered to come out, but he would not. He bade his pursuers to take what they had got, and march along. He had a heavy pistol, and the expression which was visible, even through the paint upon his countenance, plainly told that he was in earnest.

"Will you come out?" cried one of the Patriot soldiers, out of patience.

"No—but I shoot if you don't go away! I shoot in one wink!"

On the next instant a bullet had passed through his head, and with a wild leap he bounded forward, and fell at the feet of his captors. They saw that he was dead, or that he would be in a very few seconds, and then turned away and left him where he had fallen. They could not carry his body with them, nor could they stop to bury him.

As soon as the prisoners were all arranged, the order was given to march. The way back was to be by a good path the whole distance, so the party were able to form in quite close order. The prisoners marched in double file, as they were bound, with a column of soldiers upon each side, to keep them in order, while the rest of the Patriots marched, part ahead and part in the rear.

During the tramp, Cartwright approached the head of the prisoners' column, where the Great Fox was suffered to walk alone. As the chief saw the Patriot commander so near, he spoke to him.

"What is it?" asked the major, as he came up.

"I want to ask you a question," the Fox replied, in his coarse, broken English, which, as on other occasions, we reduce to the plain vernacular.

"I am ready."

"How did you know where we were?"

"We knew you were to meet there several days ago."

"Ugh! How?"

"One of our men overheard a Mohawk warrior tell the secret."

"Ugh! You have a prisoner—had him when you came upon us. He tell you all!"

"No," asserted the major. "We knew where you were to meet; when, how many, and for what, four days ago."

"Ugh! Tell me how."

"I can bring you a man who can tell you," said Cartwright; and thus speaking, he sent for Philip.

When the youth came up, the major said to him—

"The Great Fox wishes to know how we gained the intelligence of the meeting of his people. I told him one of our men overheard a Mohawk warrior tell the secret, but I could not explain how. Can not you satisfy him?"

"Yes—very easily," returned Philip. And then turning to the captured chieftain, he added—

"Four of your men were on their way from down the river, when they met the young Mohawk chief, Kanadandagea, and during their interview, one of the men told the chief of this meeting. There chanced to be a Patriot spy within a very few yards—one who had seen the red men meet, and who drew as near as he could, and heard every word spoken on the occasion. That is the way in which your secret leaked out."

The old Fox said "Ugh!" and then sank into a moody fit, and Philip and the major left him.

The company had passed Fort Newport, and were just entering the narrow path east of the clearing, when they overtook a party of three persons. The eldest was a short, dumpy man, somewhere about fifty years of age, with gray hair, small gray eyes, and a face seeming to possess but little character of any sort. The second was a young man, aged about twenty-five, taller than the first, and very fairly molded in frame. His face was a very ordinary affair, though possessing some signs of shrewdness. The third one of the party was not over twenty-two, quite short and small, and carrying upon his face a smart, keen, intelligent look, which may belong to a very honest person, or to a very great rogue.

They were all three in rags, and looked the very trio of misery and want. They arose from a log upon which they had been sitting as the Patriots approached them and the old man advanced to speak with the commander.

"Oh! I know you are Patriots!" he said, in weak, tremulous tones.

"Of course we are," the major responded.

"Thank God! I've found friends at last. Oh! sir, I cannot tell you what we have suffered. The Tories and Indians have murdered my wife, and five of my children!—butchered them before my very eyes, and tore their scalps off! My two noble sons— Here they are, God bless 'em!—saved me at the risk of their own lives, and we got off. But my house is in ashes, my crops laid waste, my cattle all killed or driven off, and my furniture and tools all destroyed! We have made our way thus far, hoping to reach the fort before another sun set!"

"Where are you from?" asked Cartwright, kindly, for he was deeply moved by the old man's misery.

"All the way from the Green Pond, just this side of the Susquehannah," returned the poor man. "My name is James Starbird. You may have heard of me."

"I don't remember," returned the major.

"James Starbird is my name, and they tried very hard to get James Starbird to join the Tories, but they could not do that. This"—pointing to the eldest of the young men—"is my son Henry; and this"—the other—"is my son Theodore. They, like myself, are firm Patriots—Rebels, if you please—but enemies of the king, and true supporters of liberty forever."

The old man seemed anxious to exhibit all his good points; but then he was worn and weak, and wished to have it known that he was not a Tory.

"Can you walk four miles further, my good man," the major asked.

"We can help him, sir," Henry Starbird said.

"Then come along. If you can reach the fort, you shall be cared for."

"Eh!" uttered the old man, seeming for the first time to espy the Indians. "What ye got there? 'Tarnal redskins?"

"Yes. We've just captured a host of 'em."

"Good! By the big moon, but I'd like to help hang the whole of 'em!"

With this pious wish the old man gave his arms to his two sons, and they moved on with the others.

There was great rejoicing at the fort when the prisoners were marched into the open area, and the commandant himself joined in the cheering, as Cartwright and Philip Lancey entered. Anxious eyes counted the Patriot soldiers as they filed in—counted one—two—three—and so on, up to the full number that had gone away on the night before.

As soon as the red prisoners were disposed of, Colonel Willett sent for the old man and his two sons, who had come with the lakeside expedition. His sympathies were at once excited as they entered his presence, and he had resolved to keep them ere he had questioned them.

The father told the same story to the commandant that he had told to Cartwright, and the tears were plentiful upon his cheeks as he told of the butchery of his wife and little ones.

"I shall be strong as any man, sir, as soon as I overcome the fatigue and sorrow that now weigh me down," he added, "and then I shall make as good a soldier as any one of my years and inches."

"Then you would like to enlist?"

"Yes, sir. Anything, so that I can have an opportunity to strike a blow in return for the terrible wrong that has been heaped upon me!"

"And your sons?"

"O—they wish to enlist, of course."

"Very well. I see nothing to prevent. We have room in our ranks for over fifty more men. But can you tell me where the men were from who attacked your house?"

"They were some of Butler's men, and the Indians were Mohawks. I never saw any of them save one white man, who came two days before, and tried to get me to join the Tories."

After a few more questions of no particular importance, the old man and his sons were dismissed, and the colonel sent an orderly with them to the quarter-master's department, with orders to have them fed and clothed.

"Mas'r," whispered Jocko, taking the young man by the sleeve as he was passing out from the commandant's office, "jus' look a heah. I wants to say sumf'n. Hab ye watched dat ole man wid de two young 'uns?"

"No. Why?" returned Philip, turning upon his servant with an eager look.

"Haint ye 'spected noff'n, mas'r?"

"Suspected? No. What do you mean?"

"Why—I don't know as I mean anyt'ing; but I don't like dar looks. I 'spec's dar's sumf'n out ob de way."

"But how out of the way, Jocko?"

"Why—dey doesn't 'pear like what dey 'sumes to be. Dey tell too much 'bout hatin' de Tories, an' lub'n' dese yer folks 'round here. Den dey looks too kind ob anxious like 'bout de fort. Ah-yah! Don't like 'um nohow, mas'r."

"But—do you suspect anything in particular, Jocko?"

"I suspicions dey am spies ob some kind. I can't tell any more, 'cause I don't know 'um."

Without this hint from his servant, Philip might not have suspected anything wrong in the three new-comers; but now that his attention had been called particularly to that point, he began to see that the old man and his two sons had behaved differently from what he might expect of them under such circumstances as they professed to have been placed. The youth's mind was keenly active under suspicion at the present time, for he had much to fear from treachery and deceit.

"Jocko," he said, earnestly, "I believe you are right. Will you watch these men narrowly?"

"Sartin suah, I will, mas'r."

And with this our hero went away to put Isabel on her guard; for nothing of a mysterious character, with threatenings of danger attached, could transpire, without calling at once to his mind the effective *debut* of Master Moses Van Swart.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

After the capture of the Indians under the Mohawk chieftain, Great Fox, a month passed away without any occurrence worthy of note as connected with our narrative. Several skirmishes took place in the valley; Patriot families were murdered and robbed by both Tories and Indians; and the men of the garrison of Fort Schuyler did some good work in capturing various marauding parties. Butler and Johnson, with their men—both red and white, were hovering about first here, then there, but sure to leave a trail of blood and devastation behind them.

It was on the morning of the twenty-fifth of October. The air was cool and bracing, and a light hoar frost was just disappearing beneath the warm rays of the rising sun, when two horsemen came dashing up the river road. They were Patriot soldiers, and each had his handkerchief tied to a stick, and came waving it over his head. By the time they entered at the sally-port, the whole garrison was aroused, so they had plenty of friends to welcome them.

One of the new-comers leaped upon a gun-bed and took off his hat.

"Fellow Patriots!" he shouted, at the top of a powerful voice, "I come to give you joy! *Lieutenant General Burgoyne, with his whole army, has surrendered to our own General Gates!* Now — three cheers!"

For some seconds after the man had ceased speaking every breath seemed hushed; but soon a murmur arose, which swelled quickly to a shout that made the very parapets tremble.

Burgoyne surrendered! The brilliant army which the ambitious Briton led down Champlain for the purpose of sweeping all before it—all captured and held imprisoned! The arms which were to have held in awe the Rebels everywhere in the region of their presence laid down—stacked—delivered up to the Rebels, and their owners marching away under a solemn obligation to fight no more in America! Could it be possible?

Aye—'twas true. The messengers explained it all. One week before, on the seventeenth of the month, after a severe conflict, the British general had surrendered himself and his whole army as prisoners of war, numbering in all five thousand seven hundred and ninety-one! The surrender was at Saratoga.

It was a joyful season to the garrison, and hope burned with a brighter flame in every Patriot heart. If the great army of the North had been totally vanquished, why might not other armies be vanquished also? They could be. They should be! "The tyrant shall not trample on us more!"

So spoke stout hearts; and stout hands were not wanting to make good the boast.

The day passed away amid rejoicings of various kinds, and none seemed to rejoice more heartily than did James Starbird and his two sons. Over six weeks had passed since the three Starbirds entered the fort, and yet nothing had been seen in them at all amiss. They had been prompt and energetic at their duties, and in all things seemed to have the interest of the Patriots at heart. Both Jocko and Philip had watched them narrowly, but the latter had seen nothing to justify his suspicions.

"Pooh! They're as good and true men as any here," asserted our hero.

"My salvation alibe, Mas'r,—you know I wouldn't say noff'n 'at I didn't belebe," returned Jocko, with rank earnestness. "I suspicioned 'um when dey fust cum, an' I suspicions 'um now."

"But what can be your reasons for such suspicions, Jocko? They've been here now a long time, and surely no three men could have been more kind, more attentive to the good of the garrison, or more prompt in duty."

"A-yah, Mas'r, dat's jus' it. Dey's been *too dutiful*. Dey's been alltumgedder too anxious to please everybody. I haint done a-watch'n on 'um."

"Very well, Jocko,—you may watch to your heart's content, and I hope you may succeed in detecting them if they are up to any mischief."

The negro said he meant to do the best he could; and with this the two separated.

As there was no danger to be apprehended from any enemy in the immediate vicinity of the fort, small parties were allowed to go out, and take a turn in the wood after game, much of which was shot and brought in. It was on the second day after the arrival of the messengers from Saratoga that James Starbird and his two sons were out, with some fifteen or twenty more. When Jocko saw them preparing to go he hastened away and got permission to go likewise, though he said nothing about his reason for so doing.

Accordingly, after the hunting party had gone, Jocko followed after, and when he came in sight of them, he hung around, beyond their view, intent only upon keeping those he suspected under his eye. At the end of an hour, James Starbird very quietly slipped away from his companions, and glided into a thick clump of bushes. Jocko did not wait to see if the young Starbirds would follow, but quickly followed on after the old man, whom he overtook in a small by-path, and walking very swiftly. But the negro could glide along as rapidly as could the other, and not try very hard at that.

Finally James Starbird reached the bank of the river, about five miles below the fort, and there he found a small skiff with three men in it. Jocko saw the old man approach the boat, and saw him speak with one of the men, who had leaped out upon the sand. He approached the spot as rapidly as possible, at the same time being careful not to lose sight of what was going on. He had got almost near enough to overhear what was said, when Starbird took a sealed packet, or letter, from his bosom, and handed it to the boatman. Then the latter jumped back into his skiff, and put off, and Jocko only heard the words:

"Pull down as fast as you can, for the Rebels are about in the wood hunting."

James Starbird spoke this before the man entered his boat; and, having seen the light craft shoot down the river, and disappear beyond a bend, he turned back, and passed directly beneath the limb of a tree upon which the sable spy was sitting.

"My salvation!" ejaculated Jocko, after the old reprobate had gone from his sight. "Why couldn't he 'a' said jus' a leettle sumf'n 'at I could 'ab heerd! But I tink Mas'r wont laff when I tell 'im ob dis. Dat ar letter am for ole Bradbrook, jus' a' sure as deff! No mistake—no mistake!" And with a dubious shake of the head, which repeated at short intervals for the next half hour, the negro slipped from his perch, and followed on after Master Starbird.

When Jocko came in sight of the hunting party again he found the old man with them. The Patriots had remained very near together, as an order to that effect had been given them by the commandant. The times were troublous, and surprise was not impossible. When the negro first saw Starbird upon his return, that individual was conversing eagerly with his sons. It looked rather suspicious.

Somewhat later, as Jocko was leisurely returning to the fort, without suspecting that the hunting party would be back so soon, they overtook him. He heard them coming, but it was too late to conceal himself, so he plodded on, as though he cared nothing for them. Had they come directly up from behind him he could easily have slipped out of their way; but they came upon him by a side-path, and were almost out ere he heard them; or, at least, he feared he might be detected if he attempted to conceal himself, and as that would only make the matter worse, he kept on. He noticed that the Starbirds cast some very keen glances upon him, but he seemed not to see it.

For once in his life Jocko made a very foolish resolve. He resolved to keep his present discovery to himself until he had had opportunity for further investigation. He supposed there would be an answer to the letter he had seen delivered, and he had determined to know when it came. He would follow the plot till he had obtained something tangible, and then let his master know all about it. He forgot that Philip Lancey could be as careful as himself, and also, that he could help watch the movements of the suspected party if he only had a clue to the necessity of such watching. Yet Jocko's mistake was one very likely to be fallen into by a shrewd, fearless person, with ambition enough to make him desirous of serving some one whom we honored and loved. It would be a proud and happy moment when he could carry to his master the whole plot, all solved and laid bare, and the secret workmen detected and exposed.

But Jocko, the Ape-man, was not the only shrewd individual who had an eye open to the affairs of Philip Lancey; and as he had not yet measured the genius of James Starbird he did not know exactly the metal he had to contend with.

A week slipped away from the time of Jocko's discovery, but nothing more was seen by him which could give point to any of his suspicions. The three Starbirds were at their posts as before, and seemed to have no aim but to do their duty, and strive for the good of the Patriot cause.

It was on Saturday evening, and Jocko had been preparing some of his master's clothing for the morrow. He had done his work, and retired to the little room where he slept, with three other negroes, and was engaged at a game of "pick-sticks" with one of his sable companions, when he complained of feeling unwell. His head commenced to ache, and he felt sick at the stomach. He lay down upon the bed a while, but as that did not give him ease, he got up and went to see old Phillis, whom he always consulted under such circumstances. The old woman felt of his pulse; looked at his tongue; and then laid her broad hand upon his brow.

"Ye's got a dwefful cold, Jock," she said, with professional dignity, though a little sympathy would manifest itself. "Ye's been 'sposed to de wedder, yer careless man."

"But what's de matter wid me?" the sick man asked. "I is so down as I nebber was afore."

"Yes—I see. Ye must be," Phillis returned, with much dignity. "Yer pulse am quicker'n it ort'r be; an' yer tongue am werry red an' 'flamed; an' yer brack skin am hot. I 'spec's dat yer oserfagus tube am 'flamed too; an' werry likely de passage ob de bronkattle am gwine to febrify! Ye's dweffful sick, Jock."

"What am de oser—fa—fa——?"

"Oserfagus?"

"Yes. What am it, Phillis?"

"Why, ye ignorant man, it am de great long hole what de tings ye eats goes tro' 'fore dey gits inter yer stumick. Dar's a 'flamed state ob it jus' as plain as is de cubickle ob yer outside layer ob skin!'

Jocko gazed up into his old companion's face, and though he was perfectly aware that she must be putting on airs which she would not dare to assume before any one else, yet he let her have her way, feeling sure that she did know what ailed him, and that she could probably cure him.

"Ye's been wet, haint ye, Jock?" Phillis asked, as she found that he sought no more explanations of her technical terms.

"Yes. I got wet last night. I swim'd ober de ribber wid my clo's on."

"Ah—dat's it. Ye's got a dweffful cold."

And the old woman proceeded to get some hot water in a wooden pail, and having made a drink from some herbs she had by her, she accompanied Jocko to his own quarters, where she caused him to soak his feet in water which came nigh scalding him. After this she helped him into bed, and then gave him the drink. She remained with him until he said he felt better, and then retired to the apartment of her mistress.

Poor Jocko didn't like this at all, for he knew that all going out for that night would be out of the question; and at midnight James Starbird was to be posted at the sally-port. So far Jocko had been able to keep an eye upon each of the three suspected men when they were on post at night. But he could not do it now, though he felt the need of it more than ever before.

In half an hour after Phillis was gone Jocko was seized with a fit of vomiting, the warm herb-tea having made him feel more qualmish than before; but he had kept it down as long as possible, thinking that his recovery might in a measure depend upon it. It was successful in its rebellion at length, however, and when it came up it brought with it the whole contents of the stomach. In a very short time thereafter the poor fellow felt much better, and ere long he fell asleep.

While Jocko was thus disposing of the medicine which Phillis had given him, his master was in conversation with Colonel Willett. They had been talking about the prospects of the colonies in their conflict with the parent country, and the commandant had just concluded quite a speech upon the subject of England's tyranny, when the entrance of the orderly attracted their attention.

"Orders, sir?" said the soldier.

"Orders?" repeated the colonel, pulling out his watch. "Bless me!—Past ten!"

"Yes, sir. I've just relieved."

"Well—I've no orders, save that I must be called if it rains."

As the orderly departed Philip arose to follow his example. It was an hour later than he had thought.

"Lancey, how do you feel?" the colonel asked, as the young man turned his face to the light in the act of rising.

"Oh—pretty well."

"I declare—you look like a ghost."

"Ghost! Am I pale?"

"'Pon my soul, you are! Why—I havn't noticed it before."

"Some little disarrangement of the stomach, probably," our hero said.

"But do you feel perfectly well?"

"No—a—I don't. Come to get up I feel faint and weak; and—there is a pain in my head. Really, Colonel, I am not well."

"No,—by the powers you aint! Go to your room at once, and get into bed as soon as you can. *Orderly!*"

"Sir!" returned the sentry, obeying the call immediately.

"Go to the doctor, and tell him to call upon Mr. Lancey at his room as soon as he can."

"Yes, sir."

"You have taken cold, perhaps; or eaten something that has disagreed with you," remarked Willett, after the orderly had gone.

"Something on my stomach surely," returned the youth.

The commandant did not detain him, and he went at once to his room, where the doctor soon attended him.

"What did you eat for supper?" the old surgeon asked, after feeling the pulse, and so on.

"Bread and cold beef," answered Philip.

"Nothing else?"

"Some sauce."

"What kind?"

"I don't know. 'Twas some I found on the table, and 'twas very good,—made of fruit."

The man of medicine finally concluded that the patient must have been seized with some spasmodic affection of the glands or muscles about the stomach, probably induced in part by severe cold. He gave some simple medicine, and said he would come again before morning.

After the doctor had gone Philip proposed that Jocko should be sent for, but his father said no.

"Let the poor fellow sleep," he added. "He has watched hard of late, if he has watched as he says he has."

"But you are not able to attend me, father."

"Well—if I aint, my boy, I promise you I'll send for help; so rest you easy on that score."

Had Jocko been sent for, much trouble might have been saved, and much agony prevented. It would have been found that both, master and man, were suffering from the same affection; the latter's case, being more fully developed, might have led the physician at once to a solution of the mystery; and the consequence would in all probability have been, the arrest of Master James Starbird and his two patriotic sons, thus depriving the colonies of the service of the old man as sentinel at the sally-port that night.

But these things were not to happen. Those who knew of Jocko's sickness knew nothing of the illness of his master; and *vice versa.*

It was three o'clock in the morning when Philip was forced to send for the doctor again. He was in an agony of pain, and his stomach seemed all on fire. His pulse was very quick and feeble; his skin cold and clammy; his bowels distended; and a nausea upon his stomach. The old surgeon cast one glance upon him, and, while a look of horror pervaded his features, he cried,—

"Good Heavens!—Poisoned! Poisoned!"

CHAPTER XXX.

AN OLD OATH IS FULFILLED!

While the events last recorded were transpiring in the apartments of Philip Lancey and his servant, there were events on the tapis in the female department which were not wholly devoid of interest.

After Phillis returned from her attendance upon Jocko she sought her mistress, and informed her of what she had been doing.

"How sick is he?" Isabel asked, with much concern, for she loved the generous, devoted fellow with a love such as only a pure, disinterested heart can feel for a lowly, dependent creature.

"Oh—he's dweffful sick, missus. He's cotched um awful cold, an' I'm 'fraid he's gwine to hab a run of fever. Dat am, Missa Bella, if I hadn't a' gub him de med'sun to git him well. But he war awful sick, sartin suah."

"But you think he is doing better now, do you?"

"O, yes. Arter I'd fix him all up,—soak um feet; wipe um dry; gib him a mitey powerful dose ob med'sun ob my own calkilations, he said he feel better rite off."

"I'm glad of that, Phillis, I'm sure," said the maiden, with a smile. "He's probably taken cold."

"My goodness all Jerusalum! I should tink he would hab a cold! He swum'd de ribber, clar acrost—rite ober, from one side ober to t'odder—rite in de clar cold water—de whole way acrost de ribber, widout ebber one't a tak'n off a single rag ob his clo's!"

Phillis clasped her hands upon her knees, shut her lips tight, and opened her eyes to their fullest extent, as she gazed upon her mistress to witness the effect of the terrible story she had told.

"He should have taken his wet clothing off at once," remarked Isabel, with a yawn.

"You is sleepy, missus?"

"I am, Phillis—very sleepy. I must have cold, too."

"My sakes!—so hab I. I'se been so sleepy for ebber so long."

"I think I'll retire. You may fix my bed."

The old negress went away to arrange the bedding, and when she returned she found her mistress fast asleep, with her head upon the back of her chair. Phillis finally succeeded in arousing her, and then led her to the bed-room.

Since the departure of St. Ledger and his army nearly all the families which had taken refuge in the fort had gone, so that now the only women remaining were a few of the officers' wives, and a few who had been engaged to cook and help about the lighter work. Hence Isabel Carlton had been favored with a private sleeping-room. It was small, to be sure—just large enough to allow Phillis's bed to be spread on the floor after her mistress had retired. But then it was private, and that was enough for the time and place.

This room was in the second story of the dwelling, beneath the slope of the roof, with a small three-cornered window near the floor. It was on the north-east corner of the building, and situated at the turn of a narrow stairway which continued on up to the roof.

Isabel was no sooner in bed than she was fast asleep again; and Phillis began to snore even before she had drawn the coverlet wholly over herself. They slept soundly—very soundly—far more soundly than either of them had ever slept before.

* * * * * * * * * * *

James Starbird slept at the extreme end of one of the inclined forms upon which the soldiers spread their blankets, and his sons were next beyond him. At ten o'clock the relief guard were called, and in ten minutes more the relieved men entered the barracks and were soon asleep. As soon as all was quiet, James Starbird touched his eldest son and asked him if he was awake.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Is Theodore awake?"

"Yes."

"Speak carefully—not above a mere breath. Are you sure all is right?"

"Yes. Lancey and his negro are both down. They are done for, surely."

"She's all right, for I saw her drink her tea. She and her black woman will both sleep soundly enough, never fear."

"But how did you do it?"

"Theodore did it. He's been making love to the cook for a fortnight, and has a clear run of the cooking department. He went in to-night, and was lucky enough to catch Phillis right in the act of drawing her tea. He watched his opportunity and slipped the powder in while she was taking some toast from the fire."

"And how did you work it with Lancey?"

"I fixed some sauce of ripe berries and put it by his plate. I've seen his negro do it often, so I knew it would excite no surprise."

"Good! So far all is well. But the most difficult part is to come. Yet, if the old Indian did not deceive me, the girl will sleep soundly enough."

After this the trio went to sleep, and at the end of two hours the old man's name was called for duty. He assured himself that his sons were awake, and then put on his coat and belts, and got his cap, and, ere many minutes, he was on post at the sally-port. His walk extended a distance of some twenty feet, and the sentinels upon either side of him were up on the high works.

At half-past twelve the cry of "All's well!" was passed by the sentries, and in ten minutes thereafter Henry Starbird slipped down from his sleeping-place; drew on his coat; and, taking his shoes in his hand, glided from the room. In a few minutes more master Theodore followed, and the two met under the deep shadow of the dwelling-house.

As if to favor the villains the moon was hidden behind dense masses of clouds, and most of the stars were shut out. During the last few weeks the plotters had been busy when they could work to advantage, and false keys had been prepared for such doors as they might need to open. When the two young men reached the door which opened to the stairway they had to ascend, they held a short consultation. It had been arranged that both of them should go up to the girl's chamber; but Henry said he could do full as well alone.

"But the lantern?" said Theodore. "It may be too dark to see up there."

"You are right," replied the elder brother, so they opened the door by means of a false key, and entered the narrow hall together.

Here Theodore struck a light, and having lighted the lamp of a small pocket-lantern, with a single lens in front, they noiselessly ascended the stairs. When they reached the broad step at the turn, from which Isabel's door opened, they tried the latch and found it unlocked.

"Too sleepy, I guess, to think of locking doors," whispered Theodore.

The other said he guessed so, too, and then the door was pushed cautiously open. It was well for them that both had come, for it was too dark in the little chamber to see at all without artificial light. The lantern was cautiously opened, and the sleeping girl was thus revealed. Her garments lay upon the foot of the bed, and a shawl and hood hung upon the wall. These articles were carefully gathered up by the younger brother, and when he had tied all up in the shawl he moved to the door and took his station upon the broad stair, and there held his lantern so that Henry could see to work.

The coverlet was carefully drawn back, and a thin counterpane, or "spread," of dark purple linen, which was used in place of the thick coverlet in very warm weather, was laid at the foot of the bed, and the sleeping maiden was lightly taken up and moved on to it. Young Starbird was very thoughtful in this. When his brother had tied up the shawl they forgot that the white night-clothes might be seen and excite suspicion. But Henry thought of it now, and the dark, thin counterpane was just the thing, for with that he could completely envelope his burden. When the spread had been carefully wound about the fair form the abductor gathered the sleeper easily and cautiously into his arms, and moved toward the stairs. The maiden murmured in her sleep, and once or twice there was a spasmodic movement of the limbs; but she still slept on.

And so did old Phillis sleep on! The spell that was upon her was not to be broken by the carrying off of her mistress, for she might herself have been moved, by a man stout enough to do it, and not have been disturbed.

When the twain reached the foot of the stairs with their burden Henry remained in the hall while his brother went to see if the way was clear. He returned in a few moments and reported favorably. Then Henry gathered the light form more carefully in his arms, and walked directly across the area to the sally-port.

"Who comes there?" demanded the sentinel, in a tone just loud enough to be distinctly understood by the sentries upon either hand, but which could not have reached much further.

"Officer of the guard," returned Henry.

"Advance, officer of the guard, and give the countersign."

Then Henry advanced, and what more was said it was not particularly necessary that the other sentinels should know.

In a few minutes after this Theodore came along, also advancing direct from the dwelling. His father hailed him as he had hailed the other, and the answer this time was "*The Commandant!*" And then the rest of the form was gone through with as before.

As both these men had been seen by the sentries upon the parapet or rampart to come from the direction of the officers' quarters, of course these answers had not seemed at all out of place; and as they had gone direct towards the sally-port, of course no other sentry would challenge them. It was too dark for the honest guard to see that the two men carried any burdens, so they had gone thus far in safety.

"Will we slip away now?" asked Henry, whose arms were beginning to ache beneath their load.

"You and Theodore may go out, and move down to the river, and I will soon join you. It wants but a few minutes of one o'clock, and I must remain and pass the call; for, should my post be found deserted so soon, we might be overhauled very shortly. After that we shall have half an hour, ——st! Here comes an officer!—or, somebody! Slip out quickly!"

But there was not so much need of hurrying, for the approaching man was hailed by the sentry to the right, who had come down from the parapet to the rampart. It proved to be the sergeant of the guard, and while he was answering the challenge of the other sentry the two young men slipped out and concealed themselves behind the works. The sergeant visited Starbird, and for a while the old man trembled, for he feared that sentry number six might have told him of the walk the *officers* had been taking. But he was soon placed at ease on that score, as the sergeant merely looked about, and asked a few commonplace questions, and then went away. But might not sentry number eight tell him? No. In a few minutes more the promenading sergeant moved away towards the barracks; and he had but just disappeared when, from post number one, came the cry —"All's well!" It was passed until it came to number seven. Then James Starbird yelled with all his power—"A-l-l-'s W-e-l-l!" and while yet the reverberations of his loud shout were mingling with the tones of number eight, he glided into the open port, and in a few moments more was beyond the lines of the fort.

At the river's bank he overtook his sons, and then the party moved quickly down to the batteau landing, where a boat was in readiness to receive them.

"Who's there?" cried a voice which no one, who had ever heard Guy Bradbrook speak, could have failed to recognize.

"Starbird!" answered the old man.

"Ha! Got her, eh?"

"Yes. All safe. But hurry off now!"

"Never fear," exclaimed Guy, as he took the still sleeping girl and placed her upon the long thwart on the quarter. "Now off it is. By the immortal Moses! but I've got the package now! How's Lancey?"

"Got a good charge of the medicine-man's powder in him!"

"Good! Capital! And the nigger?"

"Ditto!"

"Good again! My dear old Starbird—allow me to call you *Starbird* till daylight, and then you may take your own name again—I owe you more than thanks for this. By the piper's pipes and pitcher, but you've done it handsomely! Blessed little creature, how sweetly she sleeps! Wonder if she's dreaming of a sail on the river by cloudy moonlight? Come—pull away, my boys! We've got a long way before us."

There were four oarsmen—stout, hardy fellows —and they bent to their work till the light boat fairly leaped over the dark waters. Ere long the moon peeped forth from a break in the clouds, and her silvery beams rested for a while upon the upturned face of Isabel Carlton. That face was pale, but pleasant in its expression, and a light smile seemed to be playing around the rosy lips.

"By heavens! she's handsome!" cried Guy, as he gazed upon her.

Did she hear that voice? She still slept on, but the smile faded from her face as if by magic, and a look of quick, deep agony tortured the fair features. She murmured something—there was a convulsive movement of the frame—and then all was quiet again; but the agonized look remained about the closed lips, and as it gradually softened into a prayerful expression the clouds closed up again, and the moon hid her face from the sad scene.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE SIAMESE.

The Siamese consider funeral rites of the greatest importance, and the only honorable mode of disposing of the dead is burning. Malefactors, persons who die very suddenly, or of small-pox, and females enciente, are excluded from this honor, and buried, because the mode of the death is considered indicative of their being under Divine malediction. Children who die before the period of dentition are deemed of too little consequence to incur so much expense, and the bodies of the very poor are thrown into the river with little ceremony. Some, who hope for better times, bury their friends in the meantime, and as soon as they can afford it they exhume and burn them.

* * *

Fluency of Speech.—Dean Swift says the common fluency of speech, in most men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, together with a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both, whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready in the mouth; so people come faster out of church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

TO MARY OF DELAWARE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Sweet Mary Fields hath won me well,
  With tender voice and lovesome grace,
And ever in my heart shall dwell
  The shadow of her perfect face:
The shadow—for *all* sunshine falls
  As coldly on that wasted shrine
As starlight on the ruined walls
  Of Delphi's oracle divine.

I love her, as I love all things
  Of beauty I have loved and lost,—
The angel's heavenward cleaving wings
  The blossom dying in the frost;
Nay, but I love her better far
  Than any glory passed away—
Than any heavenward wandering star,
  Or any hint of fragrant May.

I love her as high spirits love
  The lonely poet in his dream!
I love her as the blest above
  Love by the clear, immortal stream!
I love her!—As I write the words,
  The angels of a better time
Come flying fast as summer-birds
  Across my melancholy rhyme!

Love me, sweet Mary, with a part
  Of the high love my life doth hold;
And with thy love my happy heart
  Shall touch and turn all things to gold.
And yet I would not have thee weep,
  Nor wear an instant's cloud of pain,
When o'er my hushed heart wildly sweep
  The sudden gusts of Autumn rain!

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COUNTRY HOSPITALITY,

AND

CITY MEANNESS AND PARSIMONY.

The Corbyns were old residents of one of the large, flourishing inland towns of New York. Mr. Corbyn had emigrated thither from New England, when the only mode of traveling was the old-fashioned, lumbering stage-coach, and the journey, a great part of it, through forests, and over the roughest of new roads, had occupied many days. When he left his home, the parting had been very solemn. All his kith and kin, to the remotest Yankee cousin who could trace relationship through marriage, or in any other way, had gathered at his father's substantial farm-house to bid him farewell. His mother hung upon his neck, weeping and lamenting his departure; his sisters were in distress that admitted no alleviation, and his father's grief, though silent, was deep, as he turned away after wringing his son's hand, and went out upon the hillside alone. He was going on a long and perilous journey, they all believed, and an expedition to the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific coast would, in these days, be but a bagatelle, compared with that which Richard Corbyn undertook, when, in the year 1812, he set out for the interior of New York.

Corbyn was a lawyer, and he put up his sign beside the door of a small log cabin, one of the half dozen buildings of that class, which, with two framed houses, a small, unpainted meeting-house, a tavern, a schoolhouse, a blacksmith's shop, and two or three other shops of different mechanics, made up the settlement.

Corbyn united the business of land agent with that of his profession, and enjoyed opportunities of speculating in lands, which, in a prudent way, he indulged in. He had plenty of business, and as settlers flowed in, attracted by the fine country that was opened to them, his land rapidly rose in value. His legal business also increased, and in two or three years he was able to build a comfortable house, around which he laid out a fine garden. As soon as his residence was ready, he returned to his old home in New England. When he came back, after a few weeks' absence, he brought with him a bride, dear Mary Pratt, who had waited for him ever since he was a student in college, and who had cheered and encouraged him in all the long, struggling years, when, with poverty as his adversary, he slowly fought his way to fortune.

Chests of snowy linen, to prepare which had been Mary's task during her prolonged engagement, and loads of heavy, substantial furniture, and great, puffy feather beds—all the gifts of her parents—speedily followed the bride, an ample replenishing for the new house in which the married pair were soon settled. Here they lived for many years; here a group of little ones grew in beauty and strength, and the pleasant cottage became to them a sacred shrine for memories of their lives' joys and sorrows. All these years the village grew around them; the last rood of Corbyn's home-farm, purchased by him at government prices, was portioned off into village lots, and at length a stately mansion, overlooking the blue, sylvan lake that made the town so beautiful, was built just in front of the dear old cottage.

Ere this Corbyn was known as one of the richest men in all the country. He was president of the bank, director of the new railroad, had been twice elected to the State legislature, once to Congress, and had held the office of county judge for successive terms. He was quite the great man of the village, and his wife, fully equal to her station, had proved the best of mothers and the most dignified of matrons. His children had completed, or were receiving, the best of educations, and were prepared to fill the place in society provided for them by their father's industry and skill.

C. was known through all the country as the loveliest of villages. Many families of wealth came to settle there, and fine residences lined its quiet, shady streets. Its scenery—the lovely lake and the green hills encircling its further shore—the rolling champaign country that stretched northward toward the still undisturbed forests, the salubrity of its air, and its aristocratic seclusion—were all charms to attract city people who required the quiet and repose of country life during the summer months. No sooner, therefore, was the new railroad completed, than C. became a famous summer resort for the better class of city travelers.

The Corbyns were widely known for their generous hospitality. As the leading family of C., their acquaintance was always sought with avidity, and their doors were ever open to the visitors from the city. And these visitors were delighted to sit at Mrs. Corbyn's well-spread table, where the choicest of country luxuries always abounded, to roam through Judge Corbyn's elegant grounds, to sail over the blue waters of the lake in his boats, to fish in his streams, and to shoot in his woods.

Whole families would domicile beneath his hospitable roof for weeks in the fine summer weather, ordering his servants, using, with the utmost freedom, his horses and carriages, receiving flying visits from their friends, who sometimes, at almost unexpected and inconvenient seasons, filled his house to overflowing.

The only return for the kindnesses heaped upon these city visitors usually consisted in a civilly expressed hope, at parting, that they should sometime see their hospitable entertainers in the city.

For two successive summers the fashionable Mrs. Laneton had honored C. with her presence, and that of her party, consisting of two showy daughters, a son, whose only apparent use was to serve as a figure for the display of the tailor's art, and a niece who was much snubbed and scolded, and who paid for these privileges, and the cast-off clothes of the ladies, by acting as a sort of upper-servant to the whole party. She was a pretty, gentle girl, with an expression that changed from sorrowful to fearful at the approach of any of her relations.

Mrs. Laneton brought letters of introduction to the Corbyns on her first visit, and being inconveniently situated at the crowded hotel, was invited to pass a few days at their house. She accepted the invitation very gracefully and graciously, and removed thither with her whole party. They found the house of their new friends, and the efforts made for their entertainment, so pleasant, that they were easily induced to prolong their stay for several weeks, and only departed on the approach of autumn.

The next summer, when the Lanetons returned to C., they went at once to Judge Corbyn's. Mrs. Laneton had written to say that, being on the wing for Niagara and the lakes, they would pay a passing visit to their excellent friends, whose kindness they remembered with so much pleasure, that they could not resist embracing the opportunity thus afforded of seeing them once more.

The passing visit lengthened into days and weeks. The judge, who went with his carriage to meet them at the station, wondered a little that so many trunks were sent to his house, but long before their visit ended, he ceased to wonder at anything, except when they would be pleased to go away. Infinite were the excuses by which they prolonged their stay, and various the pretexts by which they sought to make it seem unpremeditated.

Every week brought parties of New York friends, who, hearing that the Lanetons were at C., could not resist their desire to stop and see them. Of course these people must be entertained at Judge Corbyn's. The judge grew exceedingly stately under these inflictions, and there was a cloud upon Mrs. Corbyn's gentle brow, for she was weary of the exertions she was herself obliged to make, for "help" was scarce at C., the foreign servants she could obtain untrained, and the independent Yankee girls not disposed to submit to what they called "the Lanetons' orderings, and uppish ways," while the house was in disorder that troubled her, the carpets being ruined, and the market often empty of the viands her guests did not hesitate to hint that they wished prepared for them.

At length autumn approached, and with it came Mr. Laneton, whom the Corbyns had never before seen. He was a slight, spare man, with a downcast expression and nervous ways, which showed his uneasiness in society. The daughters affectionately said that "Pa was devoted to business, and always had that queer, flurried manner when he escaped from it." One good result of his devotion to business was, that he was anxious to return to it, and hurried the preparations of his family. His short holiday was taken only that he might escort them home. He was all impatience until they were ready, and "really gave them no peace," as Mrs. Laneton declared, with the sigh of a martyr. The expedition to Niagara and the Lakes seemed indefinitely postponed, as no allusion was made to it.

The Lanetons had made frequent allusions to their home in the city, and were wont politely to disparage the furniture of their entertainers, the size of their rooms, &c., by comparing them to their own.

"Really, you country people are quite grand in your notions," Mrs. Laneton would say. "Your drawing-rooms, Mrs. Corbyn, are very like mine at home, if they were but a little longer and higher, and if the windows were draped with damask instead of those sweet embroidered muslin curtains. But of course *those* are more simple, and more suitable to the country."

"Your piano is tolerably well toned, and really in excellent tune. I like to play upon it almost as well as upon our own, which is one of E.'s best, with seven octaves, and a splendid carved rosewood case. It is so large, also, that it could hardly stand in this tiny music-room, but is just the thing for our third parlor at home," Evelyn Laneton would say to Carie Corbyn, as the two went into the music-room for what girls call a "good practice."

"Of course your light muslins are excessively pretty, and do very well in the country, for church and all other places. I quite wish I had some; but then, you know, nothing less than a rich barege or grenadine, like ours, will do for Broadway and the Avenue," would be Sarah Laneton's remark to the Misses Corbyn whenever they appeared in the simple but tasteful summer dresses which they usually wore.

No matter what one's self consciousness of fitness in dress, furniture, etc., may be, such remarks leave a little sting behind. To disparage another's possessions, even under the guise of a compliment, will cause some slight irritation, despite philosophy.

But the Lanetons' second visit, like all earthly afflictions, at length drew to a close. The trunks were all packed and strapped; and bandboxes, bags, and shawls arrayed beside them on the broad piazza. The spring cart stood ready, and Judge Corbyn's gardener and man-of-all-work were lifting in the luggage, piece by piece. The carriage, also, was drawn up on the drive in front of the door, and the coachman sat with the reins in his hands. Within the hall the two families were grouped.

"My dear Mrs. Corbyn," Mrs. Laneton was saying, "you cannot imagine how I regret to bid you farewell;"—("No doubt of that!" chimed in young Dick Corbyn, *sotto voce*)—"but I hope to see you again some day. The judge, I presume, sometimes visits the city, but, like most gentlemen, he probably prefers staying at a hotel down town. But you must really persuade him to bring you to visit me, the very next time he goes to the city. I should be delighted to see you." And with many expressions of thanks she turned away to kiss the girls, and reiterate the same invitation. But her daughters had already urged a winter visit to the city, with a promise of all sorts of gayety, and Carrie and Lucy almost believed them serious. Dick's half-whispered interluding remarks were, however, so ludicrous that they could hardly restrain their laughter.

In the meantime a little by-play, quite unnoticed by the Lanetons, was going on. Arthur Corbyn had drawn the pale little cousin, Lydia Haile, within the deep embrasure of the hall window. He was holding her small, trembling hand in his, and speaking some low and earnest words, almost in her ear, as he bent over her after having relieved her of the burden of shawls and baskets which heaped her arms. She listened, and lifted her deep violet eyes with an expression of the tenderest gratitude, to meet the gaze beneath which they fell again, while a flood of crimson rushed over her brow and cheek. He lifted the hand he held to his lips for an instant, and then turned away to assist the Lanetons into the carriage, with an exaggerated gallantry that might have taught them his opinion of them.

"Lydia! Lydia!" screamed Mrs. Laneton from the carriage. "Where is the child? Oh, here you are! and crying, too, I verily believe. Of course it is a terrible hardship to travel about with us, and to go to such a home as you are going to!"

Arthur Corbyn set his teeth firmly, but said no word as he put Lydia into the carriage; but the almost painful pressure of the hand, given unconsciously, showed her what he felt. In a moment the carriage had driven off, and Mrs. Laneton was saying, in her blandest tones:

"Now, Judge Corbyn, you will surely call upon us when you come to the city, or, if we are too far up town, at Mr. Laneton's place of business. We shall always want to hear from your dear family. And don't forget that Mrs. Corbyn and the girls are always to stay with us when they come."

"Carrie and Lucy are coming to stay with us at the holidays, mamma," chimed in Evelyn, "when the judge goes on to Washington; and Mrs. Corbyn will come next spring, at the time of the anniversaries."

Apparently Mrs. Laneton did not hear these remarks, for she spoke sharply to Evelyn the next moment for having forgotten some trifle.

In an hour Judge Corbyn returned home, and found that such a thorough "putting to rights" had been commenced, that he was very glad to go down to the Bank and spend the remainder of the day there.

For a time a brisk correspondence was kept up with the Lanetons, but after a few weeks, and as the time drew near for the expected visit of the girls to the city, it entirely ceased. Only Arthur received pretty letters addressed in a dainty lady's hand, and post-marked New York. It was known among the Corbyns that Lydia Haile felt herself in some way bound to stay with the Lanetons until the next spring, when she would come to their home as Arthur's wife. In the meantime the shy girl had begged that nothing might be said of her engagement, lest she should be made more unhappy.

It so happened that Carrie and Lucy had never made a visit to the city, except in passing through when on their way to Philadelphia or Boston. They had therefore anticipated much pleasure from their visit, and were in a state of great excitement as they drove away from the hotel, where they had spent the night, in search of the residence of their friends. Judge Corbyn was to remain but one day in New York, and he wished his daughters to have their trunks conveyed at once to Mrs. Laneton's. But Carrie and Lucy both answered:

"Oh, no, papa. We have not written that we were coming, now, because Evelyn and Sarah both owe us letters, and they may be from home, or not ready to receive us to-day."

The Lanetons lived in a large, showy house in one of the up-town demi-fashionable streets. The blinds were all closed as the Corbyns' carriage drove up, but Carrie was sure she detected some one peeping from one of the chamber windows. The driver got down and rang the bell, which gave back a hollow sound.

"I believe there is nobody at home but the servants," said Carrie, despondingly; but at that moment the door was opened by a blowzy-looking Irish girl.

"The young ladies are at home," they heard her say, "but the misthress has gone out. I'll take yer cards if ye plaze," she added, from the top of the steps, addressing Carrie and Lucy, "an' maybe the young ladies 'll see ye."

The cards were sent in, and presently the girl returned, and asked them to alight. This reception was different from that which the girls had pictured, and a chill, which was not occasioned by the biting east wind, came over them as they left the carriage and ascended the steps. They were shown into the large, dark parlors, into which no ray of sunlight pierced, and in which there seemed to be no fire. After waiting nearly half an hour, during which time they had heard the bell ring, and Mrs. Laneton's voice in the hall, questioning the servant about the visitors, a rustling of silks gave warning of the approach of some person, and immediately the Misses Laneton, elaborately dressed in walking costume, entered the room.

They were profuse in their expressions of delight at seeing their visitors, and inquired with the greatest affection after every member of their family. But they said nothing of having expected the visit, and did not even ask their guests to lay aside their hats and cloaks.

"We are so sorry that we are going out, now that you have come," said Evelyn; "but we have a long-standing engagement which we are obliged to fulfill. Mamma will be in, in one moment, she is all impatience to see you and to hear from dear Mrs. Corbyn. You will come and dine with us before you leave town, will you not, or at least spend the evening?"

Judge Corbyn replied that he expected to leave for Washington the following day, and, thinking in his honest heart that there must be some mistake, or misunderstanding, he was about to add that he should leave the girls to pay their promised visit, but a warning look from Carrie checked him, even before Sarah Laneton said, with evident haste, turning to the girls, "How very delightful it must be to visit Washington during the session of Congress, but her papa was a mere business man, with some wealth, perhaps, but not at all distinguished like the judge, so there was no chance of ever going with him."

Presently Mrs. Laneton came in, bland and smiling as ever. She excused her daughters, who went away after promising to come to the St. Nicholas that evening, with their brother, to call upon the Misses Corbyn. The judge, by this time, understood their movements, and after asking for, and seeing, for one moment, Lydia Haile, he went away, leaving the girls to spend an hour or two with Mrs. Laneton, according to her earnest request, and promising to call for them at the expiration of the time.

As soon as he was gone Mrs. Laneton took the girls to her own room, not feeling that "they ever could be strangers in her house," she said. They were by no means sorry to find there a bright fire, beside which they established themselves in comfort, though still chilled by their reception. Mrs. Laneton talked incessantly about their visit to Washington, and other topics, without once hinting that they might have intended to remain in fulfillment of their engagement to her. At the time appointed the judge returned. Mrs. Laneton bade them all farewell, with profuse expressions of regret at the shortness of their visit, but beneath the affected sorrow of her tones they were at no loss to perceive an accent of relief.

"I don't see but you will have to go to Washington, girls, as Mrs. Laneton has arranged," said the judge, with a twinkle of sly humor in his eye, as they drove down the avenue.

"Oh, may we, papa?" asked the girls in one voice, the faces that boded a shower of tears clearing and brightening at once. "May we go to Washington?"

"Yes, my dears, and don't let me hear a word about the Lanetons."

He did not. He bought tickets to a concert of sacred music that night, and his daughters expressed no regret for having been out when, on their return, they found the cards of Mr. James Laneton and the Misses Laneton.

"I did not think they would have had the impudence to come," said the judge, and there the matter ended.

The girls went to Washington, and enjoyed themselves extremely for several weeks. On their return they spent a week in New York with a family of high fashion, whose acquaintance they made in Washington, and in whose circle the name of Laneton, they found, was unknown. They then returned home, having spent the winter very pleasantly, and having seen all that was most worth seeing in the two cities, as well as having enjoyed constant intercourse with the best society.

The next spring Mrs. Corbyn accompanied her husband when he went to attend the anniversaries. He was widely known as an enlightened philanthropist, and was actively interested in many of the benevolent associations which were represented at the great annual gathering. Of course, the time of both was much occupied, nevertheless Mrs. Corbyn found leisure to receive Lydia Haile, whom Arthur brought to her, and she accompanied the pair to the church, saw them married, and, leaning on her husband's arm, watched the carriage that whirled them away upon their bridal tour.

The next day she met Mrs. Laneton on Broadway.

"My dear Mrs. Corbyn," exclaimed that lady, "I am delighted to see you. I knew you must be in town, for I saw Judge Corbyn's name every day, and I remembered that you were to accompany him. Do come and see me, as soon as all this racket is over. You will find time for a call before you leave? No? And I had so many things to say to you! About our dear Lydia, and all. I should have been delighted to have given her a wedding party, though she never cared for society, and really had no acquaintances, but she was the strangest girl—never even confided to me, who have been almost more than a mother to her, a word of her engagement. And, by the way, I thought last summer that Arthur was quite in love with Evelyn. I dare say Lydia was artful; such shy creatures always are. And you really cannot call. I am quite in despair, but I will write soon, and we shall call on our way West this summer."

"We are going to Europe in June," answered Mrs. Corbyn, "and so can see no guests—even our chosen friends we shall be obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of receiving this season."

Mrs. Laneton did not take the emphasis Mrs. Corbyn laid upon the words "chosen friends."

"I am so sorry," she answered, "I quite doted upon the thought of even the tiny call I could make."

The two ladies parted to meet never again, by mutual desire. Mrs. Laneton felt that her game was played out, and Mrs. Corbyn had seen quite enough of city visitors and city hospitality.

◆

WINTER.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

There's a sound of going among the trees,
  The tread of departing summer;
While on the hills, and across the seas,
  Rings the blast of a war-like comer;
And the glad earth crouches, as though in fear,
As his martial clarion draweth near.

His ruthless hand on the flow'rs he'll lay,
  And bid them to their rest;
At his icy touch they'll shrink away
  To hide in their mother's breast;
And sleep, as bound by a wizard's chain,
Till Spring shall bid them forth again.

His voice will stay the merry streams,
  As they leap and dance along;
And the murmur of bees in their mid-day dreams
  Shall cease, and the wild bird's song;
And the bounding gush of the waterfall
Change to the roof of his crystal hall.

And the mighty forest trees shall stand
  With leafless arms and gray;
In aspect gaunt, like a warrior band
  Despoil'd of its proud array;
While in patience stern they wait to hear
The first fresh note of summer near.

Yet we welcome the monarch,—with fond farewell
  To the queen of the woods and rills,
While we pause to catch the lingering swell
  Of her music upon the hills;
Yet we welcome him, spite of the joy departed,
As king of the glad and merry-hearted.

But not to all comes the winter's voice
  With a burden of joyful strain;
The merry heart may well rejoice
  That knows no want or pain:
But how shall they his presence hail
To whom the means of life may fail?

Where shall the homeless hide his head
  From the chill and bitter blast?
Whence shall the starving crowd be fed
  'Till want is overpast?
Oh! pause, thou merry heart, and think;
Nor from thy neighbor proudly shrink!

◆

HOW THE BUSHMEN OBTAIN OSTRICHES.

A favorite method adopted by the wild bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length: they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous, milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow barely exceeds three feet in length—its string is of twisted sinews. When a bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.

◆

THE LOSS OF FRIENDSHIP.

Nothing presents a more mournful aspect than a family divided by anger and animosity. Unhappily, however, this is not a very rare occurrence. We even behold, at times, brothers themselves so indifferent towards each other, so wanting in affection, or even in a state of such hostility among themselves, that they appear as if they had been cherished by the same fond heart, and fed at the breast of the same fond mother, only to be for ever divided by their tastes and manner of thinking. We also often observe sisters maintain, in their relations with each other, so much ill-will, animosity, and resentment, and living in such secret but continual irritation of mind towards each other, that even the very stranger, when forced to be a witness of this melancholy state of feeling in the family, cannot be but shocked and pained. Indeed it is but too common to behold individuals, united by ties of blood, live together upon a much less intimate footing than with strangers, and show themselves much less serviceable, and much less obliging the one to the other, than they are, when occasion requires, to persons whom they know not.

EXECUTIONS AMONG THE HEBREWS.

The Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide, the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood-revenge; in other cases criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the command was given; and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person to be slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Benaiah, a person of so much distinction as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact, the office even of a regular executioner is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is in most Oriental courts one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a sort of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave. We see this feeling distinctly in the narrative where the two princes much prefer to die by Gideon's own hand, than by that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was perhaps partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rules of blood-revenge made it necessary that the execution of those who had slain his own brethren should either be performed by himself or by a member of his own family. It seems very probable, from all that transpires, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves now slain.

◆

THE DULLNESS OF HIGH LIFE.

Few persons, says the Duchess of St. Albans, have seen so much of the various aspects—I may say extremes—of life as myself; and few, therefore, can be better judges of the difference between great poverty and great wealth; but, after all, this does not by any means constitute the chief and most important distinction between the high and low states. No; the signal, the striking contrast, is not in the external circumstances, but in the totally opposite minds of the two classes as to their respective enjoyment of existence. The society in which I formerly moved was all cheerfulness—all high spirits—all fun, frolic, and vivacity. They cared for nothing, thought of nothing, beyond the pleasures of the present hour; and to those they gave themselves up with the keenest relish. Look at the circles in which I now move. Can anything be more "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," than their whole course of life? Why, one might as well be in the tread-mill as toiling in the stupid, monotonous round of what they call pleasure, but which is, in fact, very cheerless and heavy work. Pleasure, indeed! when all merriment, all hilarity, all indulgence of our natural emotions, if they be of a joyous nature, are declared to be vulgar. There can be no cordiality, where there is so much exclusiveness and primness. No; all is coldness, reserve, and universal *ennui*, even where this starchness of manner is unaccompanied by any very strict rigor in matters of conduct. Look, now, at those quadrille-dancers in the other room: they have been supping; they have been drinking as much champagne as they liked; the band is capital; the men are young, and the girls are pretty; and yet, did you ever see such crawling movements—such solemn looks—as if they were all dragging themselves through the most irksome task in the world? Oh, what a different thing was a country dance in my younger days!

◆

SLOW AND RAPID COMPOSITION.

Speed in composition is a questionable advantage. Poetic history records two names which may represent the rapid and the thoughtful pen—Lope de Vega and Milton. We see one pouring out verses more rapidly than a secretary could write them; the other building up, in the watches of the dark, a few majestic lines. One leaving his treasures to be easily compressed into a single volume—the other to be spread abundantly over forty-six quartos. One gaining fifteen pounds—the other a hundred thousand ducats. One sitting at the door of his house, when the sun shone, in a coarse coat of gray cloth, and visited only by a few learned men from foreign countries—the other followed by crowds wherever he appeared, while even the children shouted after him with delight. It is only since the earth has fallen on both that the fame and the honors of the Spaniard and the Englishman have been changed. He who nearly finished a comedy before breakfast, now lies motionless in his small niche of monumental biography; and he who, long choosing, began late, is walking up and down, in his singing robes, and with laurel round his head, in the cities of many lands; having his home and his welcome in every devout heart, and upon every learned tongue of the Christian world.

◆

A CHILD'S SYMPATHY.

A child's eyes—those clear wells of undefiled thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest, in joy, how sparkling, in sympathy, how tender. The man who never tried the companionship of a little child, has carelessly passed by one of the greatest pleasures of life, as one passes a rare flower, without plucking it or knowing its value. A child cannot understand you, you think; speak to it of the holy things of your religion, of your grief for the loss of a friend, of your love for some one you fear will not love in return; it will take, it is true, no measure or soundings of your thought; it will not judge how much you should believe, whether your grief is rational in proportion to your loss—whether you are worthy or fit to attract the love which you seek—but its whole soul will incline to yours, and engraft itself, as it were, on the feeling which is your feeling for the hour.

◆

PRIVILEGES OF THE KING'S SMITH.

One of our historians observes, that immediately preceding the conquest the art of working in iron and steel had arisen to such a state of improvement, that even the horses of some of the chief knights and barons were covered with steel and iron armor. Artificers who wrought in iron were so highly regarded in those warlike times, that every military officer had his smith, who constantly attended his person, to keep his arms and armor in order. The chief smith was an officer of considerable dignity in the courts of the Anglo-Saxon and Welsh kings, where he enjoyed privileges, and his weregeld was much higher than any other artificer. In the Welsh court the king's smith sat next to the domestic chaplain, and was entitled to a draught of every kind of liquor that was brought into the hall—a privilege which many artificers of his class in our own day will not be disposed to make light of.

WILT THOU GO?

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Thou hast wandered with Eustace o'er mountain and wave,
Thou hast closed his blue eyes, and wept o'er his grave,
Thou didst lift this bright curl from his beautiful brow—
For thy friend's sake, young stranger, leave, leave me not now.

Ay, speak not of madness—I know thy unrest,
A train of pale phantoms haunts ever thy breast,
Scenes of shadow and wildness may suit thee, and yet
'Mid the storm of the mountains thou wilt not forget.

Then stay with me, Arthur—oh, stay with me long,
Stay, and oft in the twilight I'll sing thee each song
That my Eustace once loved, and at night the still tide
Of yon lonely blue lake shall be stirred where we glide.

Stay—the young moon is rising above the green trees,
And the night-bird's sweet singing floats faint on the breeze;
Oh, stay, I implore thee, for Eustace is gone,
And his spirit would frown didst thou leave me alone.

Ay, I see thou dost weep—by the mem'ry of him—
By each tear of that eye whose dream-azure is dim,
By each kiss of that lip, whose young crimson is stilled,
Leave, leave not the heart that fate's autumn has chilled.

Alas, can no pleading arrest thee, wild one?
Wilt thou rush to the mountains all quiet to shun?
For the sake of thy friend thou shouldst answer me no;
Farewell—but I love thee—now, say wilt thou go?

THE CARCAGIEU.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the winter of 1845, I was traveling in a stage coach through the interior of Ohio; but ere I reached my journey's end a furious snow-storm blocked up the road, and the whole party, consisting of the driver and four passengers besides myself, were obliged to take refuge in a wayside inn, where we remained weather-bound for two days and nights.

To while away the time, it was proposed by one of the party that each should tell a story of some personal adventure, and the gentleman who made the suggestion was unanimously chosen to take the lead. He was a man about thirty years of age, small in stature, and delicately framed, with a fair skin, light hair, and blue eyes. He was neatly dressed in a suit of black, and had such an air of high breeding and refinement, that no one would have suspected him of having spent any portion of his life among the trappers, traders, and Indians of the Far West. It suits my purpose to give his name as John Perkins, for, if living now, it may not please him to be introduced to the public under his real appellation.

As a preliminary to his story, Mr. Perkins very quietly and deliberately exhibited to us a long, broad, ugly scar across his breast, and in a modest way, and a soft, musical tone, observed:

"That, gentlemen, is one of the few evidences, which I shall retain during life, of my perilous encounter with a carcagieu."

"A what?" exclaimed a Mr. Jones, while a sensation of breathless interest seemed to pervade the whole party.

"A carcagieu," quietly replied Perkins, with a pleasant smile.

"And what, in the name of wonders, is a carcagieu?" inquired the other.

"If you were to put that question to a superstitious trapper, or an Indian, he would tell you, with a shudder, that it is either the devil himself, in the shape of an animal, or a cross between the devil and a bear; but as I am not superstitious, I shall merely state that it is a ferocious animal, sometimes, though rarely, seen by the intrepid hunters of the Rocky Mountains."

"And where did you see it, if I may inquire?" said the inquisitive Mr. Jones.

"I saw it on the Rocky Mountains, within fifty miles of Pike's Peak."

"Then you have been out there?" returned the other, with an air of surprise; for this was the first time that Mr. Perkins had made mention of having been in the Far West; and there was nothing in his appearance, as I have remarked, to indicate that he had ever journeyed beyond the limits of civilization.

"I have certainly been out there," replied the young hunter, with a smile, "or else I could not say I saw the animal where I did."

"Well, then, pray do tell us how this car— this car—— what did you call it?"

"Carcagieu."

"Ah! yes—carcagieu; pray tell us how this carcagieu looks!"

"That is what I am about to do, if you will allow me to proceed with my story," smiled Perkins.

"I move that Mr. Jones asks no more questions till the gentleman has told his story," said another of the party.

"I am dumb," said Jones, with a laugh, "but all ears."

"We were aware of the latter fact, and that you are not the only animal of your kind," said another.

"No—I perceive there is *one* other of the species present," retorted Jones.

As soon as the hearty laugh, occasioned by this repartee, had subsided, there was a general call for the story; and Mr. Perkins forthwith proceeded with the following, which I present to the reader as nearly as possible in his own words:

"A party of us," resumed the narrator, "accompanied an expedition across the great prairies to Bent's Fort, during the summer of 184–, with the intention of spending the fall and a portion of the winter in hunting among the mountains to the westward. We numbered six in all, including a French trapper, our guide, who had spent a great portion of his life in the wilderness. Six mules took out our camp baggage and provisions, and whatever else we thought might come in use during a sojourn of several months; and each man, armed to the teeth, and with his rifle carefully protected from the weather in a leather case, rode out on a fine, high-spirited horse. We finally pitched our camp upon a pleasant plateau among the hills, near which was a clear mountain stream, and capital grazing for our animals; and sallying forth from our head-quarters, we scoured the country round for many a mile. Game was plenty—bears, deer, elk, antelopes, mountain goats, occasionally a buffalo, and wolves without number,—and there was scarcely an hour in the day, for a long period, that some of us were not 'taking a crack' at some four-footed beast.

"Now to my story:

"One evening, as we were sitting around our camp fire, taking our supper, Pierre, our guide, who had been off through the day, on business of his own, came running in, his face white, and his teeth fairly chattering with terror.

"'What is the matter?' was our eager inquiry, as each man started to his feet and grasped his rifle.

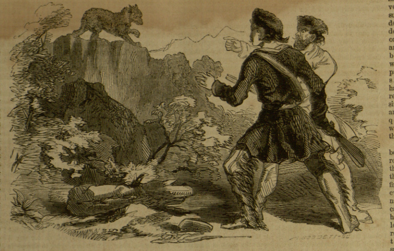
"'Oh, sacre enfant de Garce! I was seen him, by gar!'

"'Seen what? who? where? Speak, man, and not stand there chattering! Are we in danger here? Are there Indians about?'

"'No Indian, Monsieur, mais un diable—one devil, you was say—oh, sacre!'

"'A devil! You have seen the devil, then?' said I. 'If that is all, suppose you just sit down and take your supper—or a little whiskey, first, to bring up your courage. You need have no fear of the devil here; we are all good fellows, and owe his Satanic Majesty nothing.'

"'Ah! mais, Monsieur Perkin, you not for must understand him one grand two-leg Beelzebub, by gar! but, tonnere et lightzing! you sall know him one four-foot beast, as ze diable was enter—eh!'



"'Oh, yes—I understand—you saw *a hog*—for the devils, you know, went into the swine.'

"Here the little Frenchman came down upon me with a tremendous oath, and assured me it was not *a hog* he had seen, nor yet an *ass*, (at least before he got into camp,) but 'un *feroce* carcagieu,' whose father was a devil, and whose mother was a bear.

"This was an animal whose name I had not before heard," pursued the narrator, "and, like my friend, Mr. Jones, here, I felt not a little curious to learn all I could about it. Half a pint of whiskey settled Pierre's nerves; and a large, tender steak, with accompaniments, put him in good humor; and then he condescended to enlighten us on a point in natural (or, if his word was to be taken, in *un*natural) history, to which our attention had never before been called. He said the carcagieu, which he and all his friends believed to be a cross between the devil and a bear, was a terribly ferocious animal, which at different periods had been seen by mountaineers and Indians. It was black, he said, 'zo plack as ze stack of ze tom cats,' but of its size he could give us no definite idea, though we gathered the fact that it ranged somewhere between a beaver and an elephant. Wild and incredible were the stories he told of it, in his jargon of broken English and French; how it would leap from an immense hight upon the back of a passing deer, elk, or buffalo, and rend it to pieces; how it would pounce upon a man, and swallow him, before he was fairly aware of his danger; how it would sometimes charge into camp, regardless of the numbers there, and, after putting the whole party to flight, destroy all their stores, and sometimes carry off a horse or a mule; and, lastly, that it had a perfectly charmed life, and no knife could wound it, no ball could harm it.

"'Well,' said I, as Pierre paused to take breath, and looked nervously about upon the surrounding darkness, as if he feared the dreadful creature might be upon him at any moment, 'only put this terror of the wilderness within good range of my double-barrel, and be it devil or beast, or both combined, I pledge myself to prove to you, and as many friends as you like, that it cannot dodge a well-aimed ball.'

"Pierre laughed in derision.

"'What you do, Monsier Perkin, eh?' he inquired.

"'Put a ball into it, of course—a couple of them, for that matter,' returned I.

"'Sacre enfant de Garce! you soot him—mais no matter—he spit out ze balls zo quicker as ze lightzing—mille tonneres!'

"'What do you mean? You are crazy!'

"'No crazzee, by gar! no—aha! I avoir try him. I soot zo good I was put ze ball in ze bull's eye sometime—mais I try ze terrible carcagieu, and soot ten—fifty ball, and he was throw zem all back. Mon Dieu! no, no—no crazzee me!'

"I quietly inquired if he had that day performed the prodigious feat of shooting fifty balls into the body of this wonderful carcagieu, not one of which had done more than to amuse his beastship.

"'By gar! not zis day. I try—but long time ago—then I was more brav' and more ze fool.'

"'That must have been a *long* time ago, indeed,' laughed I.

"Further inquiries elicited the fact that Pierre had that day seen a carcagieu, at a distance of some two miles from camp; and if he could be believed, the beast had turned upon him, spitting fire from its mouth; and he had only escaped destruction by climbing a tree, and remaining there till dark; when, lowering himself cautiously, he had made for the camp, with fear and trembling; and even now considered his situation and ours in the highest degree precarious.

"That there was some strange animal in the forest, which neither my companions nor myself had seen, we were at length prepared to admit; and we resolved that the coming day should be spent in search for it.

"The night passed off without any disturbance, and the following day we set out to explore the country in every direction, in search of this wonderful animal. We took a range of several miles, but met with no adventure worthy of recording. Our second day's adventure resulted in the same manner, and we came to the conclusion that Pierre had been frightened at some imaginary object, though he still persisted in affirming that the carcagieu was a living reality, and no creature of fancy.

"A few days after this, as I was exploring one of the wild passes of the mountains, in company with our guide, my friends having taken a different course, the former suddenly sprung back to my side, the picture of terror, and in a nervous, tremulous tone, exclaimed:

"'The carcagieu! the carcagieu! Monsieur sall look for hisself!'

"I raised my eyes, and there, on a wild, beetling crag of the mountain, I beheld an animal about the size of a panther. It was long, black, apparently without any tail, and different in appearance from anything I had before seen. That it was ferocious there could be no doubt—for it had a certain wild glare of the eyes, which seemed to be fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. The distance was just a good rifle range; and as I raised my piece to my eye for a deliberate aim, Pierre, with a trembling exclamation of terror, broke for the nearest cover, leaving me entirely alone to combat with this terror of the forest. Finding the animal still remained quiet, and being nothing daunted myself, I slowly advanced a few paces, in order to make my aim more certain, and discharged both barrels in quick succession. With a wild spring, the carcagieu leaped from the rock into the pass, and made directly toward me. I had always considered myself a good marksman, and rarely ever before missed an animal of that size at such a distance; but from some cause, which I cannot even now explain, the beast appeared to be unharmed. There was no escape for me now; to use a western phrase, 'I was in for the fight;' and clubbing my rifle, and drawing my knife, I prepared for the encounter. The velocity of the animal seemed more like that of lightning than any other comparison I can make, and by the time I had fairly put myself upon my defence, he was upon me. I struck out with my rifle, and missed him; and dropping the piece, I made a lunge with my knife; when, quick as thought, he sprung upon my breast. His motions were so quick as to take me completely by surprise; and as I staggered back, and gave him a severe lunge with my knife, I slipped and fell. I was now apparently completely at his mercy; and with a terrible ferocity, increased by the pain of his wound, he fastened his fangs into my quivering flesh, and lacerated me in the most horrible manner. I still retained my knife and my presence of mind, and lunged desperately; but my blows, from some cause, seemed to be turned from a vital part. How long the struggle lasted, I am unable to say; it might have been a minute—it might have been ten—but it seemed to me an age. Death, with all the horrors of dying young, alone—far from home and my companions—in the wilderness, and by such a cause—came upon me with a terrible power. I seemed to recall in an instant of time all the great events of my life. I still struggled manfully—I still lunged desperately—but every moment I felt myself growing weaker. My garments were rent—my flesh mangled—the blood was streaming from my wounds—and I felt a faintness coming over me, which I believed to be the faintness of death. I thought of Pierre, and called loudly for assistance—but no answer was returned. I tried to pray—but a thousand thoughts rushed upon me, with such overwhelming force, that not one seemed to linger long enough to be paramount to the others. Oh, the horrors of that moment! Even now, gentlemen, I shudder as I recall them—describe them I cannot. The beast, I was aware, was still at his bloody work—but the sensations of pain grew every moment less acute. I felt that I was nearly dying. My sight grew more and more dim, and at last all terrestrial objects began to fade away from me, as I believed, forever. Darkness—unconsciousness—death, I might say, succeeded—but that I am here to tell the tale.

"When I again opened my eyes, I found myself in the camp of my friends. Pierre, it seems, had fled; but having, by good fortune, found a couple of my companions not far distant, he had related to them, in his own marvelous way, the story of my adventure with the wonderful carcagieu. He told them how we had met in a certain pass, and that, against all persuasions of his own, I had deliberately resolved upon an encounter with the magic beast. He said he had remained long enough to see the monster spring upon me; and, with the superstition of his class, he solemnly declared, and called all the saints to witness, that the next moment we had both disappeared in a cloud of smoke and fire. My companions, of course, were not prepared to credit his wonderful tale, but were inclined to the belief that something fearful had happened. Much against his will, they compelled the terrified Frenchman to guide them to the eventful pass, where, to their horror, they found what they believed to be my mangled remains, surrounded by a pool of blood. There were traces of blood far up the pass, and from the appearance of my knife, which was still clasped in my hand, it was evident that the beast had not escaped scathless. Though apparently dead, a careful examination showed signs of life in me; and relinquishing all thoughts of following the beast, which, on any other occasion, they would have done, they hastily prepared a litter, and took me back to camp, where my wounds were dressed as well as circumstances would permit.

"It was some days before I recovered consciousness, and I found that during the interval I had been attended with brotherly care. As soon as it was considered safe to remove me, I was taken to the station of Pueblo de San Carlos, where I was placed under the charge of a Mexican padre, who had considerable skill in the art Esculapian. Still my recovery was slow, tedious and painful, and it was months before I was able to sit my horse. My companions meantime returned to the mountains, and had been successful in the capture of the mysterious carcagieu, whose skin they brought me as a trophy. It was regarded with a kind of superstitious veneration by the mountaineers and Indians, the latter considering it a 'great medicine,' and offering the most extravagant price for it.

"I had no particular veneration for it," said the narrator, with a laugh, "but as one of the species had cost me a great loss of time and an immense amount of suffering, I came to the conclusion that the skin of that particular animal was not for sale. I brought it home with me, and it now hangs in my '*wigwam*' in the interior of Tennessee; and when, under the influence of a fine Havana, I sit and gaze upon it in a reflective mood, I recall the scene of my perilous adventure, and thank God for my wonderful preservation. Such, gentlemen, is my story, which, if it serve no other purpose, I trust will be the means of bringing a still better one from some of you."

"But," said the inquisitive Mr. Jones, as Mr. Perkins concluded, "I really do not understand what a carcagieu is, after all. What do you really think it is?"

"Well, my opinion is, sir, from what I saw and the best information I could obtain, that it is not an animal of a distinct genus, but a cross between the bear and wolf. However, I do not know that my opinion is correct; but with the experience I have had, I certainly feel no particular desire to re-investigate the subject. Be it devil alone, or devil and bear, or devil, bear, and wolf combined, the whole or in part, plural or singular, I have not the remotest desire to make any further acquaintance with one of the kind."

It may not be improper to remark here, that although this was the first time I had ever heard the name of the carcagieu, I have since learned, from reliable authority, that such an animal really does exist in the Far West, and I have no reason to suppose that the story told by Mr. Perkins was not a truthful one. I have given his brief narrative, not so much for the mere interest of the story itself, but for the information which it conveys of a ferocious animal, of which I have never seen any mention made in natural history.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Chorister.—The history of the organ is involved in mystery. Some say Pope Vitalian, A.D. 670, first introduced the organ into the Roman church. Others say the most ancient organ mentioned in history is that sent by the Greek emperor to Pepin, king of France, in 755. Bingham says they were not used for ecclesiastical purposes till A.D. 1290. But organs are mentioned by Vitruvius before the Christian era. St. Jerome (fourth century) mentions one with twelve pair of bellows. But, as usual, this passage is disputed by those who doubt the fact. In the ninth century, Gregory, a Venetian priest, commenced the building of organs in Europe. In fine, organs have been known from the times of Jewish and Romish antiquity, but it was not till the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that they began to be generally employed in sacred worship in the western empire.

Protection.—This correspondent says he is keeping company with a young lady, with her parents' consent, but whose brothers dislike, and threaten to shoot him, if he does not keep away from her. They once knocked him down in the street, and he wants to know if he has not a right to defend himself from their violence. Certainly. You would be justified in shooting any man or men who should wantonly attack you; or, what would be better, you can have these belligerent brothers arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Should you meet their violence with violence in return, and happen to injure one of them fatally, the sister would, of course, feel it her duty to discontinue your acquaintance, as no woman could receive the addresses of a man who, under any circumstances, had killed her brother.

John Clark.—It is impossible to discuss satisfactorily the relative merits of operas and authors in a paragraph, nor is any one competent to declare which is the best opera ever composed, or who is the best of any given number of authors. A man can only say what he likes best, and what his judgment decides as being the best so far as he is concerned. As to operas, the four which are as much liked and praised by the critics as any, are "Semiramide," "Don Giovanni," "William Tell," and "The Prophet." As to the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, we can only say that we like and enjoy more the writings of the former.

Mathew.—Your question is a difficult one to determine satisfactorily. For some reasons, and indeed for many reasons, it is well for people of opposite temperaments to intermarry; but the case you mention is such an extreme one, and you seem to require such decided exhibitions of affection on the part of her whom you love, that you should reflect well before taking the final step. If, however, you are *certain* that your love is returned, you can afford to forego the caresses you so highly prize—and perhaps they will not be withheld after marriage.

L. M. W.—If you can prove that the house is untenantable—that is, unfit for any one to live in, or prejudicial to one's health to live in it, on account of the smoking chimneys, and that you have notified the landlord of the fact, and requested him to have the chimneys put in proper order, you could, perhaps, make him pay you for any reasonable outlay on your part for the purpose of remedying the nuisance. But you must be careful to have most positive proof on the points mentioned.

A Constant Reader wants to know why the year 1900 will not be leap year, and wants to know what is to become of the odd day which belongs to the month of February in every fourth year. He says he has puzzled himself an immense deal over these matters, but neither he nor his neighbors can make them out. It strikes us that the year 1900 *will* be leap year, and that the "odd day" will be taken care of, as usual, by its old friend, February.

Young Beginner.—The best way to ascertain if a girl loves you, is to own up as to your love for her, and then ask her if she loves you. No girl would like to confess her love to a man until she knew that he loved her, as his love would be her only guaranty that her confidence would not be abused.

Young American.—Yes. Smoking or chewing tobacco is very hurtful to the health and constitution of boys, and if persevered in, will expose them to the ravages of that terrible disease—consumption. The owner of that "bad ear" should consult a good physician about it at once, else he may be afflicted with deafness.

Fourth Neck.—This correspondent says he has for some time been engaged to a young lady, who recently told him very coolly that she shall not marry him, as she has seen a man she likes better. Very well. Let her marry this newly discovered lover, and thank your stars that you found her out before it was too late.

Onondaga.—You had better let the girl go without molestation. Should you sue her for breach of promise, she would be almost sure to have the sympathies of the public, and the jury in her favor, and you would be laughed at on all sides. The least said and done about such a matter, the better.

Frank Barlow.—The initiation fee and other expenses of Odd-Fellowship are regulated by each "lodge" for itself. You can easily find some one who is a member of the order, of whom you can learn what steps are necessary for you to take in order to become a "brother."

Evert.—A young man, twenty-two years of age, who has $1,000 in the Savings Bank and makes $700 a year at his trade, might with prudence marry, in case he should get a thrifty wife, who would be ambitious to help increase the amount of his savings.

Jack Wallace wants us to "tell him the number and names of the ropes on board a full-rigged man-of-war." We can't do it, Jack, and if we could, we would not be willing to fill our paper with such a list of names.

Young Mechanic.—You have no business to be so jealous and exacting of your affianced. That is the way to develope all the latent mischief there is in a girl—and they all have more or less of it.

Alfred.—Practice speaking very slowly and distinctly, and with well-opened mouth, and you will overcome your tendency to stammering.

K. L. C.—There would be no harm in making the "engagement" you mention.

Sappho.—We do not know what you mean by "young ladies being too well educated." We think it is impossible for any one to be "too well educated." So far are young women in the middle ranks of life from having sufficient opportunities for the acquisition of foreign literature, that they have seldom time enough to possess themselves of all that valuable knowledge which the books of their own country so abundantly furnish, and the acquisition of which would be so much more useful and honorable, than the paltry accession they make by hammering out the meaning of a few passages, in a tongue they but imperfectly understand, and of which they are likely to make no use; and therefore we think that the time often spent on foreign languages could be much more profitably employed on our own. It is no worthless part of education to study the precise meaning of words, and the appropriate signification of language. For this end we know no better method than to accustom young people very early to a habit of defining common words and things; for as definition seems to lie at the root of correctness, to be accustomed to define English words in English, would improve the understanding more, than barely to know what these words are called in French or Latin. Or rather the use of learning other languages is because definition is often involved in etymology; that is, since many English words take their derivation from foreign languages, they cannot be so accurately understood without some knowledge of these languages; but precision of any kind, whether moral or philological, too seldom finds its way into the education of women. With correct definition they should also be taught to study the shades of words, and this not merely with a view to accuracy of expression, but to moral truth.

Betsy Blue is "blessed with a wee little husband, who is cursed with an obstinate temper. He is gentle and kind; but if anything is proposed suddenly, he is irascible and irritable in the extreme. If I prepare anything nice for him, he turns up his nose, and mutters 'Pshaw!' And yet I know he feels sorry for this display, but cannot help it. He appears to think it folly in me to exert myself to make him kind and happy, and yet I feel assured he appreciates it, and secretly is grateful." A case for a female M. D. Betsy asks "if physic will cure him?" Perhaps Betsy reveals too openly her desire to please. Officiousness may be carried too far. Many sensitive minds are offended with much apparent desire to please, or bustle attending the act of serving them. The best and surest mode of pleasing a delicate mind is to do it without seeming to do it for the purpose of pleasing—to do everything well, as if from a general sense of duty, and not a particular design of playing the fascinating. Many men, and men of good understanding, are particularly averse to the latter, always on their guard against it, and valiantly determined never to be *done* or *served up* like a dish, in this or that humor, at the pleasure even of their wives.

A. R.—"I venture to address you on a personal defect, which has caused me great uneasiness, hoping that should you be able to offer me any remedy, you will kindly do so. I am one of those unfortunately afflicted with what I consider too large a nose, which, though it is well-shaped, is of too fleshy an appearance; and also being much subjected to flushing in the face, through a bad circulation of the blood, *I suppose*, it becomes very annoying. Could you offer me any remedy by which I might reduce its size, you will confer on me a lasting obligation; or, if not, perhaps you could recommend a medical man to whom I might apply for advice."—Another case for an M. D. We are sorry to say that we know of no satisfactory mode of altering the natural shape of the nose, and would not recommend playing experiments with it. It is better to have a large nose than a small one, or none at all; and there is a possibility of losing it. So long as it is not flushed with beer or brandy, but with modesty, there is nothing to be ashamed of.

L. P. J.—Don't be alarmed. No harm ever comes from swallowing a pin. If your wife is *positive* that it has lodged crosswise in her throat, send for your family physician and he will perhaps remove it, if he is skillful at such things. We say he will *perhaps* remove it, because the most skillful surgeons fail in their attempts to remove pins from the throat oftener than they succeed. The best authorities advise only the use of a sponge attached to a rod, and forceps and hooks are discountenanced. But, as we have said, no danger need be apprehended from the pin, although it will, of course, occasion some pain and annoyance. Your wife should eat bread and milk, mush and milk, puddings, and other soft food, until the intruder has had ample time to make its escape.

Julius Cæsar.—We think you could do better than to "join a band of Ethiopian minstrels." Though some of these "bands" in this city make fair profits, the strolling companies seldom pay expenses; and so far as our knowledge extends, the habits of life and the moral and social principles fostered by the life they lead, are unfavorable to the accumulation of wealth or the attainment of a good position in society.

Romany.—It is impossible to say with certainty what the origin of the gipsies was. They are to be found in all the southern and middle countries of Europe, and in Great Britain. Some suppose them to be of Hindostanee origin, but that is doubtful. In fact, nothing positive can be said on the subject.

Alfred.—Your wife can hold the property in spite of all you can do, so you had better save your money and spare yourself the disgrace of having the affair made public. It is a most fortunate thing that our laws now shield the property of women against such accidents—not to use a harsher term.

A. R. D.—It will not do to set your father at defiance, when you wish to get a favor of him. A son who would not only behave disrespectfully to his father, but apply to strangers to help him along with his impertinence, should be dealt with in a summary and severe manner.

Carrie.—It is not obligatory upon you to recognize and salute a gentleman to whom you have been introduced at a public assembly, or anywhere else; but if you wish to continue his acquaintance, or secure his friendship, it would be indiscreet to pass him by as a stranger.

H. N.—Wait patiently until you become of age, and then you and your chosen one can settle matters to suit yourselves. It is not worth while to estrange your parents' affection by doing what they would disapprove, and you are young enough to wait.

J. W.—You would do very wrong to elope. Your father has a right to your obedience until you are of age. The income of your lover would not support him and you. Be careful lest you foolishly plunge into a long career of sorrow and suffering.

Wm. M. G.—John L. Stevens, the celebrated traveler, whose discoveries in Central America excited so much interest several years since, is dead. We do not know the address of his companion, Catherwood, or whether he is living or not.

E. P. H., Jersey City.—The population of London is estimated to be two and a half millions. The salary of the American Minister at London is $12,000 a year, with $9,000 outfit.

O. U. F. S.—A letter addressed to the President of the United States would be apt to reach him, but whether or not it would be answered would depend on its character. Put on a three-cent stamp.

G. D. A.—We do not wish for any poetical communications except such as we have arranged for. The "Clearing House" is the place where City bank officers daily meet to square accounts.

Non Lexicographer.—Spelling is a mere matter of memory, and if you can not remember the arbitrary combinations of letters in the English language, you of course can never become a good speller.

Rosalind.—Get up a flirtation with some eligible young man, and you will hear no more of your lover's "other girl," or else you will get rid of him altogether—which might be the best for you.

D. B. B.—It is supposed that the term "foolscap," as applied to paper, is a corruption of the compound word formed by joining the words "folio" and "shape" thus, *folioshape*.

Bion.—We believe that all the members of the royal house of Prussia are Protestants, including the intended husband of the Princess Royal of England.

A. C. R.—The mother gets one-third of the property and the children will share equally, unless otherwise provided by will.

Henry Smith.—If walking is not sufficient exercise to keep you in good health, attend some gymnasium, practice boxing, and saw and split your fire-wood.

M. E. D.—If you cannot convince the girl's father that she "is old enough to keep company" you must wait until he considers her of sufficient age.

J. S. D.—It is evident that you must give up either your friend or your sweetheart, and it is for you to say which of them shall be the victim.

J. P.—We do not remember the tonnage of the vessels you mention, and cannot just now lay our hand on the statistics.

Nemo.—Six cents is too much to ask for the Ledger, in Alexandria, or anywhere else.

Humbugged.—Put the whole matter in the hands of a good lawyer.

Niobe.—You must wait until the "young man reciprocates." It wont do for you to make any advances.

W. C.—We know of nothing that will remove a scar from a cut on the face.

Jezebel.—You could gain nothing by prosecuting the fair deceiver. Keep still, and be more discreet next time.

Afflicted.—Your case is a peculiar one, and demands skillful medical treatment.

Mrs. Cora E.—Cobbett's grammar would be the best; if you cannot find it, try Brown's.

William Skinner, Elmira.—Five cents is too much for a newsdealer to charge for the Ledger in Elmira.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*